

Southern

VOLUME XVIII THIRD QUARTER 1998 \$4.50

PARTISAN



WARNING TO ALL YANKEES:

Believing this man can be hazardous
to the health of the Republic.

Find out why Southerners are immune to
Bill Clinton's charms, beginning on page 16.

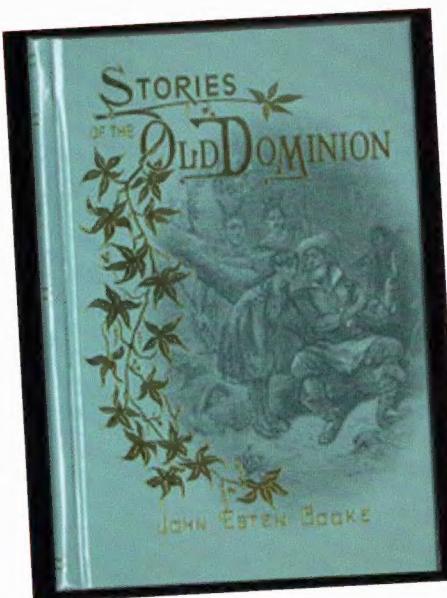


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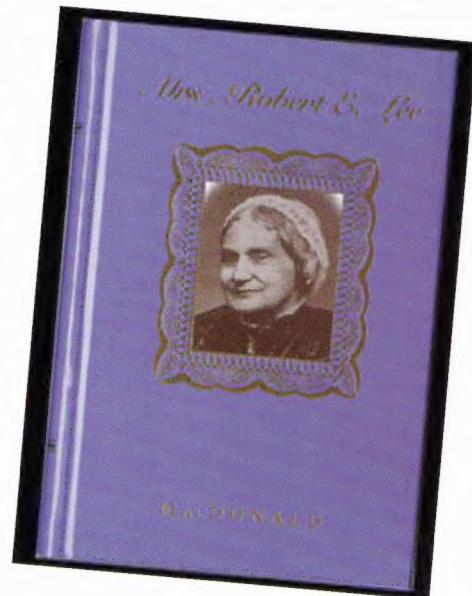


life beginning with her early childhood in a Christian home where each day began and ended with family prayers; her youth and marriage as a Godly wife and mother; her patriotic devotion to the principles of a government under God formed by her ancestors; and her faithfulness in performing her Christian duty until her mortal life was finished.

The second book, *Stories of The Old Dominion* is by Confederate officer, lawyer and author John Esten Cooke. Cooke authored other books for children, but in this one, you can feel the author's heartbeat as he labors to transfer a sense of honor and duty to young readers.

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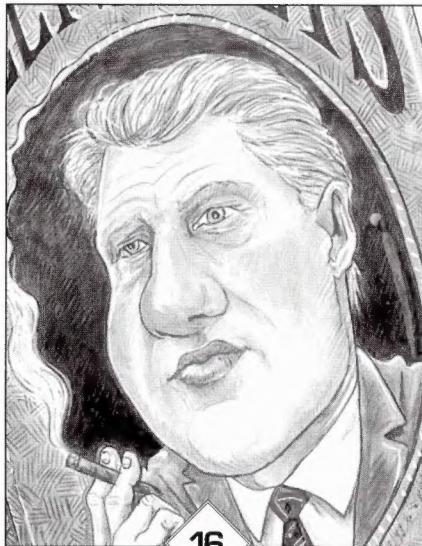
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**Southern
PARTISAN**

COVER:
Illustration by
Michael Bise

Southern PARTISAN

"If there were a Southern magazine, intelligently conducted and aimed specifically, under the doctrine of provincialism, at renewing a certain sort of sectional consciousness and drawing separate groups of Southern thought together; something might be done to save the South..."

—Donald Davidson to Allen Tate
May 1927

"No periodical can well succeed in the South, which does not include the political constituent... The mind of the South is active chiefly in the direction of politics... The only reading people in the South are those to whom politics is the bread of life."

—William Gilmore Simms

Southern Quarterly Review, April 1853

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PARTISAN

LETTERS

★ TYPO ERRORS

Gentlemen:

The typographical errors, misspelled words and incorrect usage that I find on the pages of *Southern Partisan* drive me crazy!

Can I be your only reader who feels this way? I do not claim to be particularly accomplished in the language arts, nor do I have finely honed editorial skills, but in every issue these problems just jump off the pages at me. At first I attributed this situation to a temporary lapse in a couple of issues. However, after subscribing for a full year, and reading several issues before subscribing, I find it instead an unsavory trend. Even the subscription renewal letter to which I am responding, true to form, included a typo. Most professionally printed magazines just do not have these problems. An occasional typo perhaps, but finding noticeable problems on page after page is extremely unusual in a publication presenting serious work as does the *Southern Partisan*.

Please do not consider me a disgruntled stickler for detail. In fact, I rarely notice typographical or spelling errors in the vast majority of quality magazines that I read. I only intend my comments as sincerely constructive criticism.

Thank you for your attention to this correspondence.

*J. Bradley Carlton
Shohola, Pennsylvania*

Editor's Note: Please add to your next renewal a contribution sufficient to employ a proofer and we will take immediate action. In the meantime, we do our best.

★ DEFENDING MR. J.

Gentlemen:

Mr. Constantine Gutzman in his review of Ken Burns' *Thomas Jefferson* tells us he "writes from the campus of Mr. Jefferson's University." As a graduate of Mr. Jefferson's University I must remind Mr. Gutzman that there is not a "campus" at the University but there are grounds!

In his essay Gutzman says Jefferson was "...a man prone to... some nutty ideas." I list a few of these:

- Author of the Declaration of Independence
- The same—of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom.
- The Father of the University of Virginia
- The purchaser of that portion of America known as the Louisiana Purchase—doubling the size of the nation.
- "The God who gave us life also gave us liberty."
- "I have sworn upon the altar of God, eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man."
- And Mr. Jefferson was prime author of perhaps the finest statement of states' rights ever written: The Kentucky Resolutions.
- The "expensive books" of which Mr. Gutzman writes—became the books which started the Congressional Library of our nation.
- Mr. Jefferson's grandson—Thomas Jefferson Randolph—held several posts in Mr. Jefferson Davis' Cabinet.
- Enough—Sometimes one's words come to haunt their author—"nutty ideas," indeed—but I say no more.

*James Madison Barr
Hot Springs Village, Arkansas*

★ FINALLY

Gentlemen:

I would like to share with you and your readers a most remarkable comment that made its way to the pages of *The Gettysburg (Pa.) Times* on May 2, 1998. Recently, some officials of the federal government were in the Gettysburg area inspecting a landfill site that had been slated to have been cleaned up under the Environmental Protection Agency's Superfund program. They were not impressed with the government's cleanup efforts. One of the officials made a frank, accurate and all too honest statement when he observed, "If any of you people knew what the folks in Washington were

doing for you, you'd root for General Lee in the Battle of Gettysburg."

Finally! A recognition, from a Northern bureaucrat, that maybe—just maybe—the Confederates were right to oppose the evils of a growing Federal bureaucracy! Treasure the moment, as this may be as close to a *mea culpa* we ever get.

*Betram H. Barnett
New Oxford, Pennsylvania*

★ WORLDWIDE CONFEDERACY

Gentlemen:

The Confederate Cause—and so its flag too—is not forgotten. Not in America and not in Europe. In my country Germany, you can find thousands of people with a "Confederate heart," and everywhere in this land you can see Southern signs. I for myself feel only Confederate, for I know that the Confederacy was the "Spirit of the Continent," or in other words, the beautiful face of America. I am praying that the South Shall Rise Again—as soon as possible.

*Wilfried Ott
Offenbach
Federal Republic of Germany*

★ BLACK CONFEDERATES

Gentlemen:

According to Erwin Jordan of the University of Virginia, possibly 25 percent of the state's free blacks and as many as 15 percent of the slaves backed the Confederacy. Many blacks worked and tried to volunteer for the Confederate army. They even killed Union soldiers and purchased war bonds. This is not only true in Virginia but throughout the South.

Again, according to Mr. Jordan, there were many reasons for black support. Some blacks believed in supporting their owners. Many free blacks didn't want their status to change. Many of them had slaves of their own.

In the view that there were free blacks and slaves who supported the Confederacy, I believe that it would be most fitting to have a monument erected in their honor.

To have such a monument would not only honor those noble black Southerners, but give their descen-

dants an invested interest in saving the symbols of the South. I would like the monument erected on Monument Avenue in Richmond. There it would be in the company of Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, J.E.B. Stuart, and "Stonewall" Jackson.

Now think about it. A nonmeaning statue could do a lot toward healing racial feelings in the South. And in spite what the North likes to portray, the South does not hate the blacks. There has always been a bond between the races. There should be a celebration of that bond.

*Elizabeth S. Trindal
Edinburg, Virginia*

★ BEING AMERICAN

Gentlemen:

Mr. Samuel Redfern's annoyance at the *Partisan's* emphasis and viewpoint (First Quarter 1998, Letters to the Editor) causes him to challenge the ability of its editors and accordingly, its sympathetic readers, to perceive what it means to be an American.

Partisan Southerners may know more about the meaning of being an American than any other corner of this country. We know its meaning from a perspective not available to any others. The late Mel Bradford astutely noted that "...only below the old surveyor's line does a great deal of the original American character still survive...nothing can be more patriotic than for the South to be itself."

Conversely, national columnist Joseph Sobran wrote in 1995 that "Americans cling irrationally to their national symbols, probably out of a desperate desire to believe that there is still an unbroken tradition from Philadelphia 1776, to Washington, D.C., 1995. The truth is that any continuity between Jefferson's generation and ours is superficial...The flag, the Constitution, and all the official imagery of the Founding Fathers serves the same function for us that the Royal Family serves for the British. They create a comforting sense of tradition and mask a radical discontinuity in the actual distribution of power and liberty."

His observation is true. There is no continuity between the Colonial American and today's American, with

the exception of Partisan Southerners, and a few Yanks who have the knowledge, and the courage to apply it, to cause them to wish we had won. Most, though, would rather die in the flames of freedom's demise than ever concede that the "radical discontinuity" in the definitions of America and American has its source in The Great Dictator's subversion of the Constitution and annihilation of the South and her citizens. Rather, as clearly evidenced by Mr. Redfern, they snarl at our emphasis of this critical period and the evidence it produces for America's salvation.

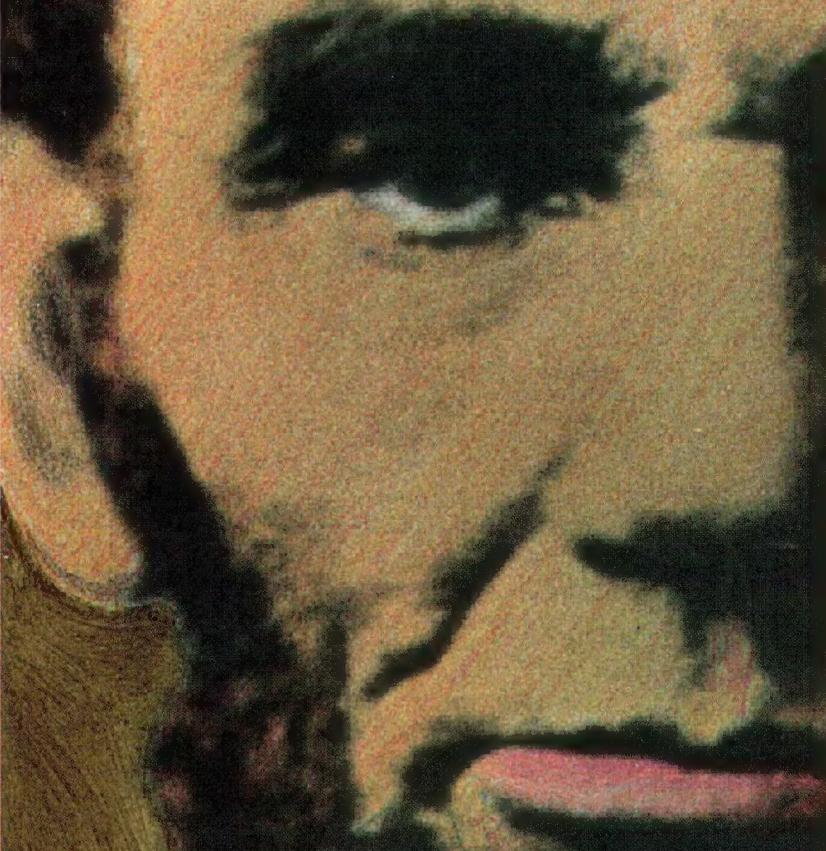
Today, the high-minded, vigilant, libertarian sovereignty that marked our Colonial forebears has given way to a less demanding definition of American—the one of Hollywood and whine. Indeed this present Clintonian society, that cares not a whit about character, the Founders' most cherished possession, or political decadence, their greatest scorn; that worships government, and sees defiance to its encroachments, the Founders' very hallmark, as treason; that thinks freedom is an unassailable right, and, thus, Jefferson's "eternal vigilance" an unnecessary bother; that cannot seem to grasp the critical Colonial concept that it is possible, indeed sometimes necessary for liberty's sake, to love your country but hate your government, eagerly and apathetically surrenders one freedom after another in exchange for the government relieving them of all responsibility for everything—except their remotes, of course.

It is exceedingly doubtful that Americans of Geraldo, Jerry Springer and Rosie O'Donnell are candidates for restoring the principles of America's only Golden Age, its Founding. But it may be just as well. For how many Americans of the modern definition could hold up under, indeed, would ever tolerate, the rigid self-reliance demands of a properly interpreted Constitution?

*Herbert O. Chambers, III
Columbia, South Carolina*

If You Think Bill Clinton Has
A Character Problem,
Take a Look At...

LINCOLN



The Man

EDGAR LEE MASTERS

Written in 1931 by one of America's most highly respected poets and scholars, this book has been hidden away for over 50 years, for one reason only:

It dares to tell the truth!

Hard facts, uncomfortable to those who worship the Lincoln myth, pour off the pages. For example, we learn that....

- * Lincoln was a cold, secretive, scheming, opportunist with no core values, who allowed the captains of Northern industry to direct policy decisions.
- * He stumbled onto the slavery issue and used it to consolidate his power.
- * He used a lawyer's strategy from *Chitty on Pleading* to trick South Carolina into firing on Fort Sumter.
- * He was not himself religious but cynically used religious rhetoric to advance his agenda.
- * He was the first media "spin doctor" (after losing the Lincoln-Douglas debate, he then won the post-debate PR campaign).
- * He was so embarrassed about his "poor" background that he refused to visit his own father's death bed.
- * And we learn much, much more you will find in no other source.

From the beautifully written text of this lost book, the true causes of the War Between the States emerge more clearly than ever before.

Written by Edgar Lee Masters, the famous author of *Spoon River Anthology* (who, although born in Kansas, was raised in the Lincoln country of Illinois) the scholarship in this book was able to withstand the most vicious attacks. In fact, as you will learn from the new introduction, the U.S. Congress actually attempted to ban *Lincoln The Man*, which was offered to the public only once in a brief first edition.

Now the Foundation for American Education has produced a new edition of *Lincoln The Man* for the first time in over half a century, with a new introduction that puts it all into perspective.

Lincoln The Man is both a collector's item and a book that must be read by anyone who wants to understand the causes of the War and the true nature of Lincoln's legacy (as well as by readers who admire the unique literary gifts of Edgar Lee Masters).

Included in this new edition are a collection of rare photographs and the text of reviews not published since the 1930s by H.L. Mencken and Andrew Lytle.

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Hard cover, 498 pages
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Seldom have I read so brilliant a picture of the decay of the old American spirit...The writing here is so eloquent as to be genuinely moving...

The American people, North and South, went into the war as citizens of their respective states, they came out as subjects... And what they thus lost they have never got back.

—H.L. Mencken

An intensely interesting, arresting, challenging, book...

—Claude Bowers

...the Lincoln myth is definitely a bad myth, and Mr. Masters deserves credit for shattering it...

—Andrew Lytle

This May Be the Most Important Book You've Never Had a Chance to Read.

The Civil War Wasn't about Slavery

BY WALTER WILLIAMS

Editor's Note: Richard Quinn wishes to yield his space this quarter to Dr. Walter Williams, a lonely black conservative who has made himself even lonelier by refuting the Honest Abe Myth. Professor Williams, a brilliant economist, is also a man of great courage. His words and his life indicate there is hope.

THE PROBLEMS THAT LED TO THE CIVIL WAR

are the same problems today — big, intrusive government. The reason we don't face the specter of another Civil War is because today's Americans don't have yesteryear's spirit of liberty and constitutional respect, and political statesmanship is in short supply.

Actually, the war of 1861 was not a civil war. A civil war is a conflict between two or more factions trying to take over a government. In 1861, Confederate President Jefferson Davis was no more interested in taking over Washington than George Washington was interested in taking over England in 1776. Like Washington, Davis was seeking independence. Therefore, the war of 1861 should be called "The War Between the States" or the "War for Southern Independence." The more bitter Southerner might call it the "War of Northern Aggression."

History books have misled today's Americans to believe the war was fought to free slaves.

Statements from the time suggest otherwise. In President Lincoln's first inaugural address, he said, "I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the states where it exists. I believe I

have no lawful right to do so."

During the war, in an 1862 letter to the *New York Daily Tribune* editor Horace Greeley, Lincoln said, "My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and it is not either to save or destroy slavery." A recent article by Baltimore's Loyola College Professor Thomas DiLorenzo titled "The Great Centralizer," in *The Independent Review* (Fall 1998), cites quotation after quotation of similar northern sentiment about slavery.

Lincoln's intentions, as well as that of many northern politicians, were summarized by Stephen Douglas during the presidential debates. Douglas accused Lincoln of wanting to "impose on the nation a uniformity of local laws and institutions and a moral homogeneity dictated by the central government" that "place at defiance the intentions of the republic's founders." Douglas was right, and Lincoln's vision for our nation has now been accomplished beyond anything he could have possibly dreamed.

A precursor for a War Between the States came in 1832, when South Carolina called a convention to nullify tariff acts of 1828 and 1832, referred to as the "Tariffs of Abominations." A compromise lowering the tariff was reached, averting secession and possibly war. The North favored protective tariffs for their manufacturing industry. The South, which exported agricultural products to and imported manufactured goods from Europe, favored free trade and was hurt by the tariffs. Plus, a northern-dominated Congress enacted laws similar to Britain's Navigation Acts to protect northern shipping interests.

Shortly after Lincoln's election, Congress passed the highly protectionist Morrill tariffs.

That's when the South seceded, setting up a new government. Their

constitution was nearly identical to the U.S. Constitution except that it outlawed protectionist tariffs, business handouts and mandated a two-thirds majority vote for all spending measures.

The only good coming from the War Between the States was the abolition of slavery. The great principle enunciated in the Declaration of Independence that "Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed" was overturned by force of arms. By destroying the states' right to secession, Abraham Lincoln opened the door to the kind of unconstrained, despotic, arrogant government we have today, something the framers of the Constitution could not have possibly imagined.

States should again challenge Washington's unconstitutional acts through nullification. But you tell me where we can find leaders with the love, courage and respect for our Constitution like Thomas Jefferson, James Madison and John C. Calhoun. ♦

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"By destroying the states' right to secession, Abraham Lincoln opened the door to the kind of unconstrained, despotic, arrogant government we have today, something the framers of the Constitution could not have possibly imagined."

A Jack Benny Christmas

BY P. J. BYRNES

In many ways, Jack Benny was typical of Hollywood people in the 1930s. Like a host of other stars, producers, and studio heads, he came from a conservative Jewish family. Also, like many other Hollywood stars with the same religious background, he was not an observant Jew. On the other hand, consider the following passage by his daughter, Joan, which describes Christmas at the Benny house.

Christmas was the most exciting event of the year....The trimming of the big tree was a major production; the butler strung the lights, Ben stood on a ladder decorating what I couldn't reach, I did the bottom. The most beautiful of the ornaments was the top one — a silver star with small flame-shaped light bulbs at the five tips. A light hidden inside the center shown through the cut-out words: "Merry Christmas."

After describing Christmas in more detail, Joan Benny had to come to terms with the fact that her book was to be published in 1990, after the political assault on Christmas had already begun. Her comments are instructive.

My memory may be faulty, but I seem to recall that most families, Jewish or not, had trees and celebrated Christmas then. It wasn't really a religious thing, more like just an excuse to celebrate and exchange gifts....In the early 1940s, the Jewish population of Beverly Hills was perhaps 50 percent. I remember at El Rodeo Elementary School we had a Christmas program where

each grade from kindergarten through eighth grade sang all the traditional carols—two per class, and groups of us would go caroling the night before Christmas Eve. Somewhere between high school and motherhood all that changed, because by the time my own children started at El Rodeo there was a "holiday" program, and no mention of Christmas. Each class now sang "holiday songs" from around the world—many of which just happened to be Hanukkah songs. But what really amused me was that although it was supposed to be non-denominational there was no mention of Christ at all. The school orchestra played "Silent Night" (no lyrics) and the eighth graders sang "Adeste Fideles" (in Latin). Our public schools had become parochial. They even had days off on Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur. Probably because the Jewish population by 1960 had grown to about 90 percent....

With my children I've always celebrated Christmas, too. And taught them carols and read the related stories in the New Testament. To me it isn't important whether or not one believes in Christ as the Saviour—the Christians do, as a Jew I don't—but the story of his birth is lovely, nonetheless, and for children, what with Santa Claus and the tree trimming and the festivity, and the presents, the most exciting event of the year. Besides, it's important to one's education to know about the world's religions and beliefs, not just your own.

It's interesting to note the similarity between the Hollywood schools of the 1960s and schools throughout America 30 years later: the failure to mention Christ at all, the playing of traditional melodies without the words, the emphasis on ethnic and national holidays rather than on the birth of the baby Jesus. Joan Benny shrewdly sees the irony of "nondenominational" celebrations that feature religious lyrics from one faith but not another.

She attributes the change that has taken place to Jewish parochialism, but she is surely wrong. Days off for Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur are reasonable concessions to observant Jews.

No, what was at work in the Hollywood in the 1960s—and is at work throughout America today—is not really a protest against the featuring of one religion over another. The movement to obliterate Christmas from the public consciousness stems from a fierce secularism that began to bash Christianity because it was the biggest kid on the block. Suppress Christianity in America and you strike at the heart of the nation's religious impulses.

What we face today is a bold attempt to destroy the religious foundations of the nation in the name of multiculturalism and diversity. In Annandale, Virginia the other day, school authorities actually banned the presentation of a play based on *A Christmas Carol*. The reason: It was too "Eurocentric." On the other hand, after 29 years, the communist government of Cuba is again allowing Christians to celebrate the birth of Jesus Christ.

Which decision would Jack Benny have applauded? ♦

**P.J. Byrnes is Associate
Editor of *Southern Partisan*.**

"Hank"ering for More?

Our last issue featured a cover story on the short, tortured life of Hank Williams. For readers whose appetite for information about Hank was whetted, we forgot to mention the standard source from which all reliable information on this subject flows. The best and most authoritative biography is *Hank Williams: A Bio-Bibliography* by George William (Bill) Koon who we are pleased to say is an advisor to this journal. Published by Greenwood Publishing Group in 1983, the International Standard Book Number (ISBN) is 0313229821.

Guess who broke party lines on impeachment?

Interesting, isn't it? Five Republican members of Congress voted not to impeach Bill Clinton. And four of them were Yankees. (The fifth, Connie Morella of Maryland, was actually born in Massachusetts.) On the flip side, five Democrats broke with their party and voted *for* impeachment. Guess where those four came from? You got it: the South. (The fifth, Paul McHale of Pennsylvania, is a former Marine who, therefore, knows about honor and fidelity for non-regional reasons.)

In other words, the South is the only region where we had a true bipartisan vote to boot Bill Clinton. Why?

Yankee pundits will tell you Southern congressmen voted against Bill because they're all "ultra-right-wingers" down South. That's not the reason. Southerners of both parties voted for impeachment because they all have cousins named J.T. Our cover story (beginning on page 16) will explain it all.

NASCAR: a cause with no rebels

Since we debuted our *Southern MotorSports* column a couple of issues ago, we've received a flood of letters recalling the good old days when NASCAR was a truly Southern sport where Confederate symbols were welcomed.

One faithful subscriber found in his

archives programs from the "Rebel 300," a race run at Darlington beginning in 1957 on the weekend closest to Confederate Memorial Day. In 1961, during the pre-race show, re-enactors fired a salute volley to honor the Confederate dead. Compare that to NASCAR's more recent refusal to approve a car design that had a Confederate logo.

We should have guessed it would happen. As soon as major corporations get involved, blandness and timidity prevail. Blood turns to ice water.

Of course, Southerners still like NASCAR (and we buy hamburgers from McDonald's). But when money is all that matters, you get what you pay for.

Panned in Pittsburgh

The news is mixed from Pittsburgh, where according to the *Post-Gazette*, Woodland Hills High School was forced to postpone a "racist" band concert. Here's the story:

The high school band leader thought it would be neat to do a "Civil War" concert in which half the band would wear gray and half would wear blue. Songs from the period of both sides would be played. Everyone would have a good ol' time enjoying period music and celebrating bravery on both sides.

Then the NAACP and the Urban League stepped in. Under no circumstances would they allow "Dixie" to be played. The band leader fought for his program and the good news is: the show went on. But not before the school Superintendent suggested that, yes, the Old South was a terrible place. "I think to sanitize this period in history," he said, "would not do justice."

Oh well, we should be grateful for small favors. At least somebody in Pittsburgh actually fought for "Dixie." Hoorah! Hoorah!

Trucker Feud

Things weren't so good in the North for Jimmy Brogdon, a white trucker from Chattanooga who was forced off Interstate 65 in Indiana by Jeffrey Robinson, a black Chicago

trucker. The reason? Brogdon had a Confederate flag mounted to his grill.

For thirteen miles the two dueled on the highway and cursed one another by CB radio. Finally, a trooper ordered them to stop and the Mr. Robinson (who started it after all) went to jail.

The whole experience left the white driver so flummoxed that he decided to remove his battle flag, he said, to prevent future road rage. It was perhaps a good decision but for the wrong reason. Our view is that the Confederate flag was intended to serve a higher purpose than as a trap for bug juice.

The Poor, The Southern, The Audited?

According to a report from the General Accounting Office (GAO), for the tax years 1994-1996, 47% of random audits by the IRS were done on returns from the 11 states of the old Confederacy. Is it possible for such a selection to be statistically random? We guess it depends on what the meaning of the word *is* is.

The new General Lee

The IRS isn't the only federal agency concentrating on the South. According to the Center for Equal Opportunity, a conservative think tank in the Yankee capital, the Justice Department is also coming up with some quirky statistics. It all started on December 15, 1997 when Bill Clinton cheated the Constitution and made Bill Lann Lee "acting" director of Justice's Civil Rights Division, thus avoiding the prerequisite Senate confirmation. (A number of Senators felt that Lee was an advocate of quotas and were therefore not likely to approve his appointment.)

One year later the results are in and those Senators were exactly right. Not only is Mr. Lee pushing classifications based on race, ethnicity and sex, most of the investigations he has undertaken target Southern states. Apparently this General Lee is less concerned with the most segregated places in the USA, which continue to be Northern cities.

Thoughts on perjury

From Robert L Dabney, Professor of Theology, Union Seminary; Chief of Staff, Corps of Lt Gen Thomas J Jackson, Army of Northern Virginia; and Professor of History, University of Texas:

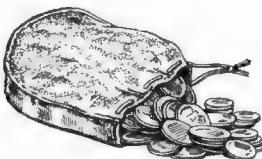
"The sin of perjury is the most enormous that can be committed against

truth. It is a lie, a breach of promise, a shocking profanity near to blasphemy of God, and a sin against society little short of murder and treason."

"... The sanctity of oaths is the final barrier which society has erected around all our rights and welfare. He who practices to weaken this barrier is setting at work tendencies toward uni-

versal wrong and wholesale destruction. Is any outlaw or murderer, then, a worse enemy of mankind than the perjurer? The supreme aggravation of his crime is the profane attempt to involve God in it. It is a sin so enormous that none but a practical atheist could commit it."

Scalawag Award



Over the past six years, how could we have overlooked the need to recognize the greatest Scalawag of our time?

We have in mind, of course, William Jefferson Clinton, the Southerner who now occupies the White House, rather like a tick occupies the ear of a hound. And while the Christmas season is still fresh on our minds, what better way to recognize the rascal than by reproducing here a bit of clever verse now making the rounds on the internet.

'Twas The Night Before Impeachment

December 17, 1998

'Twas The Night Before Impeachment,
when all through the House,
All the Congress was stirring, even Conyers, the louse.
The Articles were hung by the Capitol with care,
In hopes that Saint Bubba would be trapped in the lair.

The Republicans were nestled, all smug with The Feds,
While visions of perjury danced in their heads.
And Barr with his rhetoric and Hyde with his trap,
Had just settled in for a long evening's nap.

When out in The Gulf, there arose such a clatter
They clicked on CNN to see what was the matter.
When what to their wondering eyes should appear
But Tomahawk cruise missiles flying like reindeer.

With a Presidential address, so lively and quick,
They knew in a moment, it must be Saint Slick!

More rapid than eagles, his supporters they came,
And he whistled and shouted and called them by name:
"Now Conyers, now Gephardt, forget about The Vixen!
On Barney! On Maxine! I'm no Richard Nixon!!!"

"From Capitol Hill to the Washington Mall,
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all !!!"
And then the Republicans heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.

As they scratched their heads and were turning around
The resilient Saint Willie scored another rebound.
No longer was he eating from his humble pie,
While assaulting Saddam with his bombs from the sky.

A bundle of weapons he had flung at Iraq,
It looked once again like Slick Willie was back.
His eyes, how they twinkled! His dimples, how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry.

His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the hair on his head was as white as the snow.
The stump of a stogie, he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.

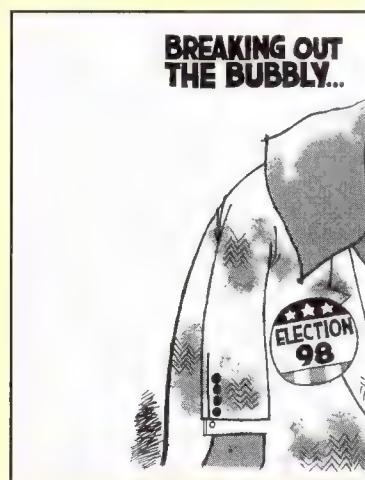
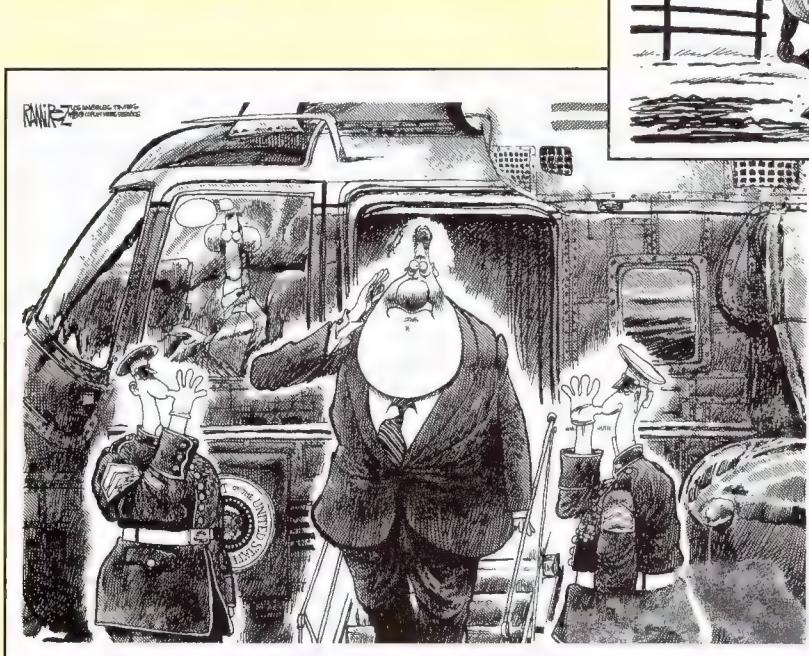
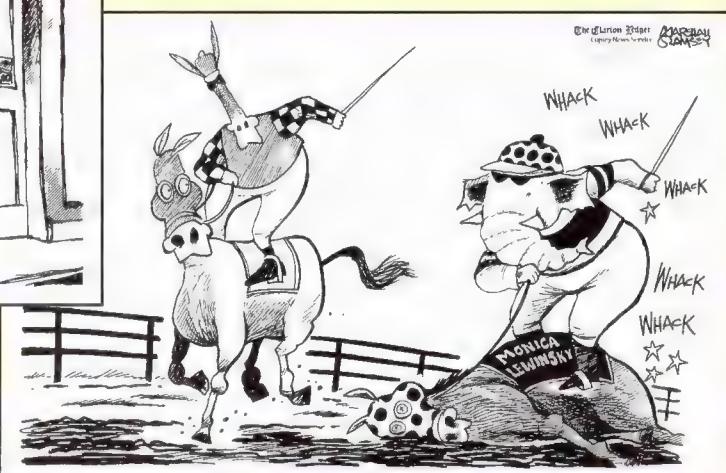
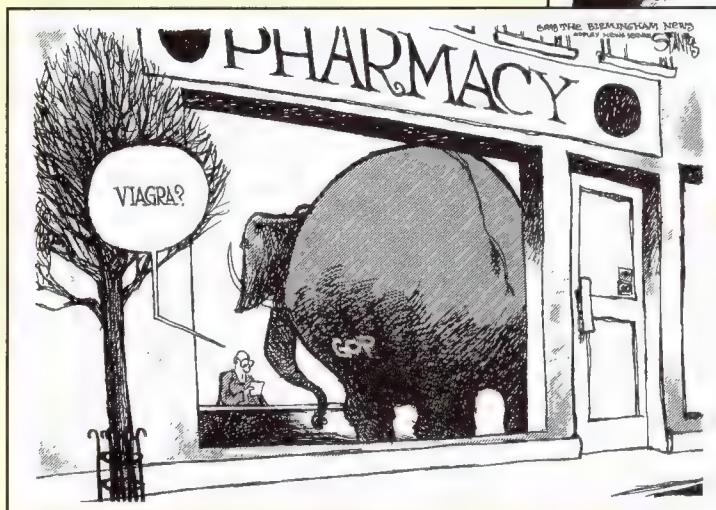
He had a broad face and a little round belly
That shook when he laughed like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump-- a right jolly old elf,
And the Republicans wept, in spite of themselves.

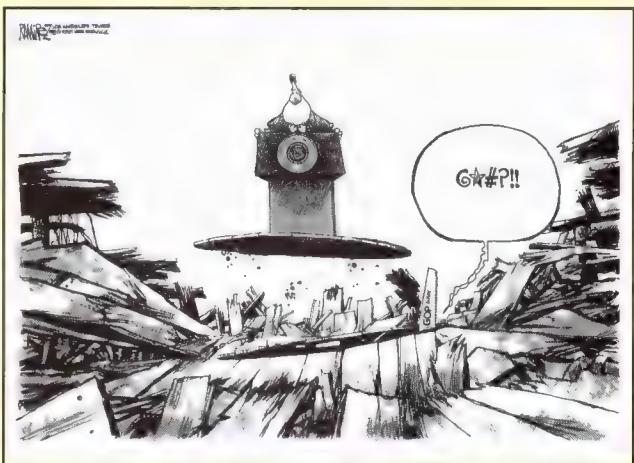
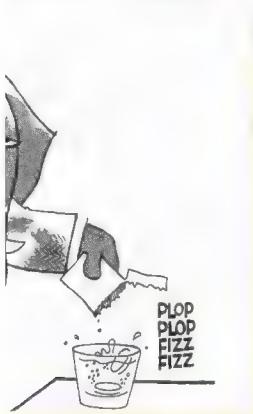
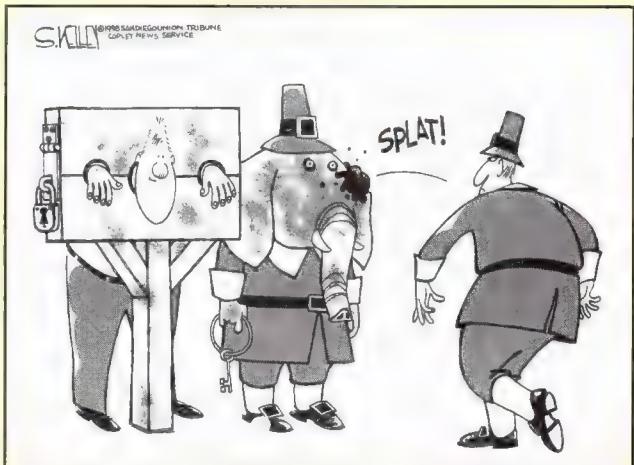
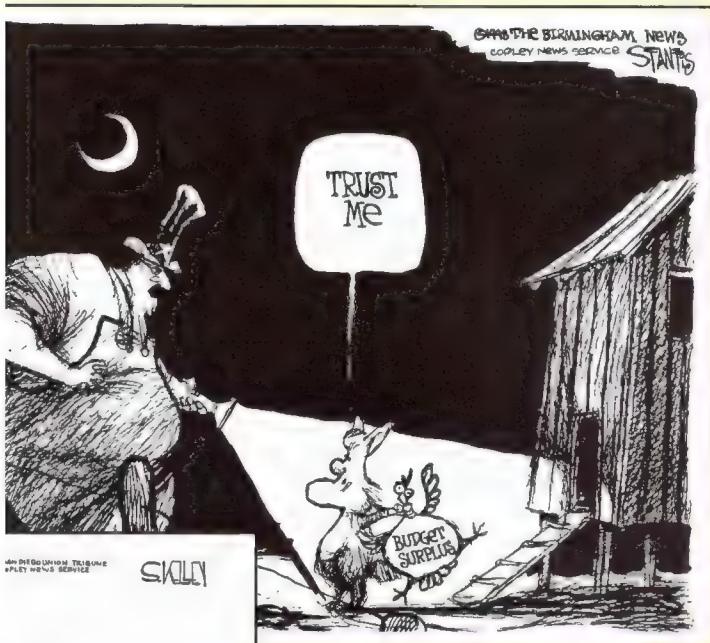
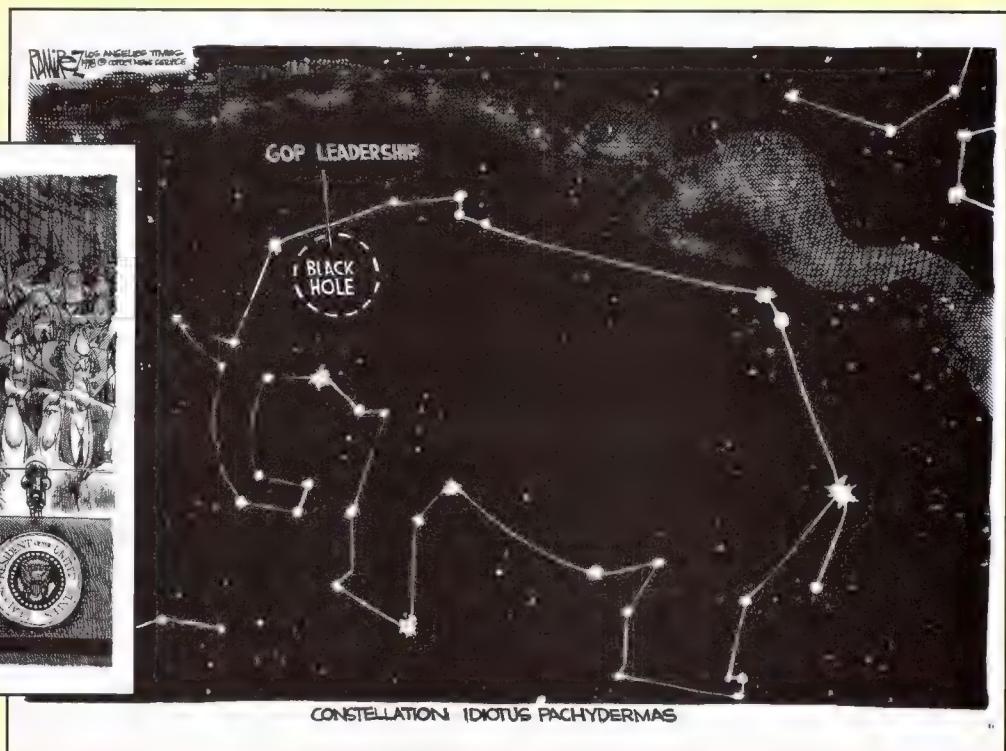
And a wink of his eye and a twist of his head
Soon gave them to know they had a great deal to dread.
He spoke the right words and went straight to his work
Hard to believe that an Intern once called him "The Jerk."

And shaking his finger and thumbing his nose,
"Wagging The Dog," up the polls he rose.
He turned to his spinmeisters and gave them a whistle,
Then they cheered-on Slick Willie as he launched another missile.

They all heard him exclaim, with Impeachment out of sight,
"Happy Ramadan to all, and to all a good night." ♦

PARTISAN toons





CSA TODAY



ALABAMA

Baptized Jewish

Bobbie James, outgoing First Lady of Alabama, recently spoke at a Birmingham synagogue. She told her audience that she loved the Jewish people and the State of Israel and that she believed God would judge our nation on how it treats Israel. She also said that when she was baptized in the river Jordan, she "came up Jewish."

Jewish columnist Elaine Witt objected: "My other reservation is that when you love someone because of their ethnicity, you're not far from saying you could hate someone for their ethnicity."

Back when schools taught logic, they called this a "non sequitur."



ARKANSAS

Another Late FOB

President Clinton returned to Wynne to attend the funeral of William Maurice Smith, Jr., 77, who was chief of staff when Clinton was governor. The President delivered the eulogy.

One old Arkansan said of Smith's death, "I think it was from natural causes — which is pretty rare for folks who hang around Bill for very long."



FLORIDA

Really Proud

In Dade County, they've done it again—passed another "gay rights" ordinance, this one forbidding any discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation. The vote by the Miami Dade Commission was 7-6, and the conservative community is understandably riled.

The last time something like this happened, the Florida orange juice industry ended

up dropping Anita Bryant as their spokeswoman because she opposed giving special rights to homosexuals. (Some of us haven't drunk Florida orange juice since.)

As we go to press, opponents of this latest exercise in political correctness have scheduled a protest rally in the Orange Bowl, coordinated by religious leader Oscar Aguero, who said, "It is our job to keep our society pure in order to [leave] our children, and eventually the children of our children, a morally clean and pure community."

Those who resent the ordinance are discussing a referendum, which would require about 33,000 signatures, i.e., four percent of registered voters.

Meanwhile, Commission chairwoman Gwen Margolis is crowing: "I am really proud of the vote...," she told the *Miami Herald*.

So what's new?



GEORGIA

O Tempore

Bernie Tekippe, 56, an Atlanta clock repairman, has invented a new version of the grandfather clock: It loses a second every 100 days and needs winding only once a year.

The six-foot-tall mechanical clock took Tekippe and fellow clockmakers 10 years to develop. If you want one, you can call him, but it will take two-months to build. The price—\$3,500.

By the way, the name of the clock is "Iso-1."



KENTUCKY

Baptist Education

Four Cumberland College students were arrested in connection with a rape that allegedly occurred in a man's dormitory. One 19-year-old athlete is accused of the crime and three others are charged with being acces-

sories.

The victim is an 18-year-old female.

The Dean of Student Affairs was quoted as saying: "We don't like to let ourselves fall into a false sense of security, not in the world we live in now." According to the Dean, the college offers training in rape prevention.

There was a time when colleges didn't have to offer such training, because rape was a much rarer occurrence. But that was before females were allowed to visit males in their rooms—as is the case at this Baptist-affiliated college.

The rule at Cumberland—opposite sex visitation is permitted with the door open and the lights on. According to the police record, the rape occurred with the door closed and the lights off.

Big surprise!



LOUISIANA

Little Jimmy

Louisiana's Public Service Commission celebrated its 100th anniversary at the close of 1998 and decided to invite all living former commissioners to attend a ceremony. More than a dozen invitations went out, including one to ex-Governor Jimmy Davis.

Davis—who wrote the song "You Are My Sunshine"—was born a year after the commission was founded.



MARYLAND

New Medicine

Dr. Pietro Hitzig, internationally-known Internet doctor, was recently the subject of a special investigation by Maryland's physician board, which charged him with having sex with patients, handing out pills indiscriminately, and flouting medical ethics.

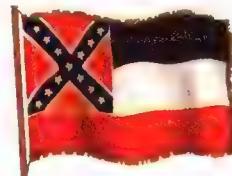
Among other charges contained in the 60-page report:

- One patient under his care died from "drug intoxication."
- Another committed suicide in the driveway of his home.
- He once threw a female patient on the floor of his office and had sex with her.
- He came to another patient's house, stripped to the buff, and plunged into her pool.

Dr. Hitzig—who doesn't deny skinny dip-

ping in the pool—dismissed the charges by saying the report had "all the pornographic qualities of Ken Starr."

Surely this "attack-the-accuser" strategy will become known as "the Clinton defense."



MISSISSIPPI

A n t i - O x f o r d Oxfordian

Political correctness is infecting every aspect of our lives—and on both sides of the Atlantic. For generations, Rhodes scholarships have been given to athletes who are also scholars and outstanding citizens. Among the 32 Rhodes scholars selected in 1998, Samuel Calvin Thigpen of Ole Miss received the honor because he led a drive to stop his fellow students from waving the Confederate flag at athletic events. He now goes to Oxford University, where, it is said, he will represent the best in American youth.



MISSOURI

Hang 'im High

In St. Charles, Brian Stewart was convicted of deliberately infecting his tiny son with the HIV virus in order to avoid paying child support. Stewart, who worked as a hospital technician, stole HIV-positive blood from the hospital and injected it into his 11-month-old child. The boy is now seven and has been in and out of hospitals for most of his life.

A jury convicted Stewart of first-degree assault and recommended that he serve life in prison. Seems like a light sentence for such a monstrous crime.



NORTH CAROLINA

Talk About Offensive

Until recently, Randolph Community College in Archer offered a course in Southern history, featuring the truth about slavery—that a majority of ex-slaves looked back on the experience without bitterness or resentment.

Instructor Jack Purdue wasn't merely expressing his private opinion on this subject. He cited the WPA ex-slave interviews collected in the 1930s as evidence that most slaves were





satisfied with the life they led. In class, Purdue also expressed the scandalous opinion that the War was fought over the right of the South to determine its own political destiny. Twelve students were taking the course.

When the Associated Press found out what was going on, they published an indignant story, and the establishment shrieked with horror.

The college was bombarded with letters and phone calls.

The NAACP threatened to sue.

The chairman of the state committee of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights said, "How is the college letting this happen?"

A few days later—to the surprise of no one—the course was cancelled. The president of the college, peering out from under his desk, said, "We would never intentionally set up any class that is offensive to anyone in our community."

Imagine what would happen if a delegation of the Sons of Confederate Veterans went to the president and said, "The history department is teaching a course that depicts the South in an inaccurate and insulting way. We're offended."

They'd get rid of the course immediately, wouldn't they?



OKLAHOMA

On Patrol

Greg Allen, formerly of the Oklahoma Highway Patrol, admitted that he had held Lt. Gov. Mary Fallin's hand and kissed her on the forehead, but denied that he had an affair with her. Allen, who has a wife and two children, said he was only trying to console the Lt. Governor—who was involved in a messy divorce action with her dentist-husband—and that nothing improper occurred.

The 37-year-old patrolman, who was detailed to provide security for the Lt. Governor, was called in by superiors, accused of improper conduct, and forced to resign. "I guess as a security guard, you're not supposed to be a friend," Allen said.

He hopes to be cleared of any wrong-doing so he can rejoin the Highway Patrol.



SOUTH CAROLINA

Election '98 for Real
Don't be fooled by

reports in the national media that Gov. David Beasley's defeat was a victory for "moderation" and a resurgent Democratic Party.

It's true Beasley ran as a religious conservative in 1994. However, he alienated his conservative supporters by failing to include them in his government.

More to the point, after promising in 1994 to keep the Confederate flag flying over the state capitol, Beasley suddenly announced in 1996 that he was sponsoring legislation to take it down. Incidentally, he had this change of heart shortly after the Christian Coalition leaked the information that it might support the South Carolina governor for president in the year 2000.

The campaign to remove the flag was a disaster. Beasley's conservative supporters turned against him. Too late, he realized he'd blundered and tried to bring the Christian Right back to the fold with an 11th-hour opposition to gambling. The result: The gambling industry poured a reported \$6 million into his opponent's campaign.

Defenders of the flag likewise (according to exit polls) funded anti-Beasley TV commercials—and 20 percent of those who voted for his Democratic opponent were Republicans.

Many of the same people also voted against Bob Inglis, the Greenville congressman, who flew down from Washington to join Beasley when he announced his campaign to bring down the flag. During the primary, Inglis also apologized to the students of all-black Benedict College for the historical racism of the Republican Party. He, too, lost big-time.

So the news from South Carolina isn't as bad as you may have gathered from network TV. Meanwhile, the Democratic governor-elect has pledged to leave the flag issue alone, and it still flaps in the wind high above the capitol dome.



TENNESSEE

Election '70 for Real

When former senator Albert Gore died in December at the age of 90, television commentators reported that he had been defeated in 1970 because of his opposition to the Vietnam War. Perhaps this explanation was designed to promote his son's presidential aspirations in the year 2000—but it was, at best, an oversimplification.

The elder Gore was one of three Southern senators who voted against the confirmation of South Carolina's highly qualified Clement Haynsworth as justice of the U.S. Supreme

Court. The other two were Ralph Yarborough of Texas and William Fullbright of Arkansas. Twenty-eight years ago torpedoing a fellow Southerner was considered a hanging offense. When these men came up for reelection in 1970, all three were defeated, despite the fact that all were veterans who held powerful positions in the Senate. (Gore had served in the Senate for three terms.)

Such was the communal feeling among Southerners in that era. Those were better times.



TEXAS

Bah-Humbug

Pam Johnson—
founder of the Secret

Society of Happy People, located in Irving—has written to Ann Landers demanding an apology for her attitude toward people who record happy news about their families on Christmas cards. A reader wrote to Landers, saying: "Spare us the details of the Ivy League schools your children are attending and the honors and awards they've received during the year...." Landers replied: "Thank you for expressing sentiments that are sure to be shared (and appreciated) by millions of readers. Including me."

Johnson wrote to Landers, demanding that she apologize "to the millions of people you made feel bad for wanting to share their happy news."

Ann Landers' secretary promised to pass along the message, as soon as Landers finished stealing all the presents from the little Who's in Whoville.



VIRGINIA

"Y" Not Tell The Truth?

The story spread nationwide, like a flu epidemic: *Nature*, a British medical journal, had just published a study proving *conclusively* that Thomas Jefferson had fathered a child by Sally Hemings, his slave.

South bashers, civil rights activists, Yankee historians, Clinton supporters, and the media immediately began to crow. According to the *Washington Post*, more than 295 editorials trumpeted the news—and at least 31 broadcasts.

• A *New York Times* headline proclaimed: "DNA Test Finds Evidence of Jefferson Child by Slave."

• The *Norfolk Virginian-Pilot* put it even more strongly: "DNA Link; Paternity Proved."

• The *Des Moines Register*, under a headline that read "Adulterer on Mt. Rushmore," called the story: "A boost for President Clinton in fighting impeachment...evidence proves Jefferson fathered at least one child by his slave."

• National Public Radio pontificated: "The proof is finally in. The President not only did have an illicit affair; he fathered at least one child with his lover."

The trouble with all these pronouncements? They weren't true.

In a November 9 letter to the *New York Times*, one of the authors of the *Nature* article wrote: "The genetic findings my collaborators and I reported...do not prove that Thomas Jefferson was the father of one of Sally Hemings's children. We never made that claim. Nor do we believe that the Y chromosome types we found in Hemings's descendant occur only in the Jefferson family...."

You can be certain that no more than a fraction of these newspapers ever printed a correction. As a consequence, one more ideological untruth becomes "fact" in the confused historical consciousness of the American people. ♦

LEE
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TO: ALL YANKEES
FROM: Whit Sanders
RE: Explaining Bill Clinton

It's impossible to explain Bill Clinton fully to anyone who isn't a Southerner.

You don't have to come from Arkansas.

South Carolina or Mississippi or Tennessee will do.

But if you're from Massachusetts or Illinois or California, you'll never completely understand the man—not the way we do.

However, I'll try to clear up as many ambiguities as I can.

Bill Clinton is a Southerner—one of us—as surely as Robert E. Lee or Jefferson Davis. He's not *like* Lee or Davis; but both of those men, were they alive today, would recognize Clinton as someone who'd been tarred and feathered in their home town.

At the turn of the century, he was out in Texas and Oklahoma, rustling cattle from the vast herds of ranchers like Charles Goodnight. When caught, he explained tearfully, as they slipped the noose around his neck, "While I was asleep, them cattle just wandered into my corral and latched the gate behind them."

As times changed, he changed as well. Today he's selling used cars or junk bonds or cemetery lots—and sometimes all three. And he's a good salesman— maybe the best you've ever known. When he talks to you, his eyes light up and you're convinced that, to him, you're the most important person in the world. And you are. Because you've got something he wants.

These days, he comes around dressed in slacks and a sports jacket with matching handkerchief and tie. He always has a new dirty joke, and he tells them well: "You hear about the ol' boy who came home to find his wife in bed with three policemen?" He has an infectious grin on his face. You can't

help laughing, even if the story isn't funny.

One of these guys is connected with every Southern family. The one in mine is named "J.T." so I'll use that name.

Back in the old days, J.T. would never have been allowed to set his size-13 foot on your front porch, much less court a female from your family. If you'd caught him in the yard after dark, he'd have been picking buckshot out of his rear end.

Today, times have changed. Men no longer keep loaded shotguns in the house. Still worse, J.T. is about to become your in-law. As your grandmother used to say, "the bottom rail's on the top."

You go to the wedding because he's marrying your cousin Margaret Ann. As they exchange vows, she looks up at him with eyes glazed by love. And when he kisses her at the end of the ceremony, the kiss is too long and too wet. All of the older women raise their eyebrows and look at each other. "Fred never kissed me like that in public, even when we were living in Atlanta."

Driving home from the wedding, you shake your head and say, "Poor Margaret Ann. She seemed real happy tonight. I hate to think how she'll feel in five years."

"Five years!" Mama says from the back seat. "I give it a year. One year. No more."

But she's wrong. Mama overestimates Margaret Ann's good sense. She also underestimates J.T.'s ability to lie his way out of anything. Everybody in town knows he's been spotted after dark, entering the trailer of Lucille, the cocktail waitress at a local bar and grill. (There's a well-worn path to Lucille's double-wide. J.T. isn't the first to walk that way.)

A couple of month's later, a new rumor makes the rounds: J.T. has been spending every Saturday night at a roadhouse on the Interstate. His companion is the estranged wife of the



Methodist minister. One of the men in the family broaches the subject, and J.T. says he was selling the woman a cemetery plot. ("Does it take four straight Saturday nights to sell somebody a grave?")

The older women drop by the house, more out of curiosity than kindness, and Margaret Ann tries to keep up a brave front. But when she comes to the door they can tell she's been crying. He comes home at night smelling like perfume, and he tells her it's the Mystery Oil he's been using to work on his 1966 Thunderbird (which is on cinder blocks in the garage). Margaret Ann says she believes him.

At the family Christmas Eve party, J.T. and Margaret Ann arrive late. J.T. has already had a few drinks. You can tell because he goes around hugging the old ladies. ("Maude, you're looking mighty pretty. Let's you and me run off to Hawaii.") Aunt Maude pretends she's annoyed, but she isn't. She turns bright red and grins like a horse collar.

J.T. goes around slapping the men on the back and telling them how well his business is doing. He's expecting a check for \$184,000 any day now. By the end of the evening, he's borrowed \$50 from three of them. He also gropes some of the young kinswomen—whether married or single.

At the end of the evening, he staggers into the night and insists on driving home. When Margaret Ann tries to protest, he orders her into the car, starts the engine, guns the motor, throws the gear into reverse, and crashes into cousin Fred's Buick.

Without waiting to see how much damage he's done, he burns rubber and sails off down the road, the chassis of his Expedition rocking from side to side.

Just as J.T. can't be trusted around women from the ages of 15 to 55, so he can't be trusted in business deals with partners of any age. He has an infallible instinct for the Big Score. He isn't interested in a steady income, one that will pay the bills and put a little away for the kids' college. Every scheme he launches is designed to make him a millionaire in six months, a billionaire in five years, the first trillionaire on the planet Earth.

In the past 24 months, he's been involved in a pyramid scheme to sell perfume, an attempt to legalize dog racing in the county, and a new soft drink made out of kiwi juice. He's sold shares of these ventures to relatives on both sides of the family and then shrugged his shoulders when each deal in turn went sour. ("Hey, I lost \$100,000 myself.")

And he has no compunction about going back to the same well. "Because you lost some money in that Mexican silver mine, I'm going to let you in on a sure thing. Harley, how would you like to own your own mink farm?"

J.T. spends much of his time trying to make four the hard way, both figuratively and literally. So he and his brood—three girls in the first three years—always need a little help. The women in the family take cover dishes and clothes that their own children have outgrown. Margaret Ann can't tell J.T. where these necessities came from, because he'd say, "I can feed and clothe my own family. I don't need charity." (He's a proud man.)

The ladies wag their heads in sorrow at Margaret Ann's plight. A poor provider is worse than a cheating heart to some—and J.T. is both. They don't realize that there's one thing worse than J.T. wallowing in poverty, and that's J.T. suddenly rich.

In spite of his lazy, good-for-nothing heart, one of his crazy schemes comes through. Against all odds, the dog track is approved; and

suddenly his share is bringing in more cash in one month than his father made in a lifetime of repairing leaky faucets and unstopping commodes.

Margaret Ann is driving a new Thunderbird. The girls are taking ballet lessons. They join the country club, and J.T. now plays golf. Some of the men resent him, not so much because he's made money quicker than they have, but because of the way he's made it. But nobody blackballs him when he applies for membership, mainly because of Margaret Ann.

Of course, Margaret Ann is doomed. She soon longs for the poverty they've put behind them—the good old days when J.T. was home most weeknights. He used to lie about his whereabouts. Now he's brutally frank, ("Honey, the Good Lord didn't create men to be monogamous. Don't worry. I still love you and the girls more than anything in the whole wide world"). She talks to the minister; and he tells her the biblical view of sex is puritanical, that she should forgive J.T.'s roving eye. The preacher likes J.T. too—and envies him. Besides, J.T. gave \$25,000 to build a new wing on the fellowship hall.

There are J.T.'s all over the South—from Texas to Virginia, from North Carolina to Arkansas. There are even a few left in Florida, though in the Sunshine State they're an endangered species.

Sitting around a dinner table the other night, several of us reminisced about the J.T.'s we'd known.

"I knew J.T. in college. He was married, and he and his new

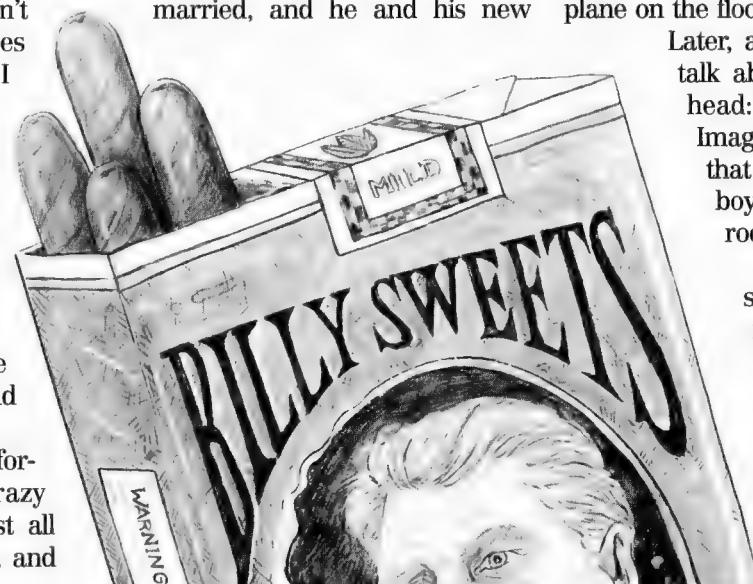
wife were living in the student housing the university provided for young couples. I walked across campus with him one day, and at least three girls spoke to him—and they all called him by a different first name. He was the only man I ever knew who could stick his left hand in his pocket and work his wedding ring off his finger without attracting the girl's attention. I saw him do it more than once."

"The J.T. in my home town could charm men, old ladies, and billy goats. I watched him work a party one night. He drifted from person to person, grinning, slapping men on the back, patting women on the arm. (He was always a toucher.) Soon he was repeating everything his companion had told him, only in altered language so they thought it was coming from his heart of hearts. "We agree on everything," he was telling them. "We're soul mates." Then he moved on to the next guest. During the course of the evening he was Democrat and Republican, liberal and conservative, libertine and prude, lover and hater of just about everything. It was as if he were moving around the room, lighting one candle after another. By the end of the evening the whole room was glowing."

"I knew J.T. when I was in law school. At the time, he was dating the wife of an Air Force officer who was on a tour of duty in Vietnam. She was mad about him. Used to bring her four-year-old boy to his apartment, and she and J.T. would have sex under a blanket while the boy played with his toy airplane on the floor not three feet away.

Later, after she'd gone, he'd talk about it and shake his head: 'She's depraved. Imagine a woman doing that with her poor little boy right there in the room!'"

"I knew J.T. in high school. He rode a motorcycle, and you could always see him after classes, taking off down the road with some trashy girl on the back, arms around his waist, hair



streaming behind her. No one ever knew quite where they went, because no one could ever catch up with him. He had a different girl almost every time."

"J.T. dated all the good-looking girls in our class—one by one. He would hang out with them for a few months, walking together, arms wound around each other. Back in those days, girls who were raised right didn't display affections in public. It was trashy. But J.T. brought out the trash in everybody, from country club girls to the Baptist preacher's daughter.

After he dropped a girl, he'd tell the boys how far she'd let him go—and that was always farther than we'd imagined. We figured he was lying."

"One time there were three of us in the car with him, riding down a residential road that intersected two major thoroughfares, one of them Orange Avenue, the other U.S. 41, the only route to Miami. It was around 9 p.m. and pitch black. Suddenly, as if possessed, J.T. jammed on the accelerator. By the time we reached Orange Avenue we were going between 40 and 50 mph—too late to slam on brakes if a car was coming from either direction. We shot across Orange still picking up speed. The three of us were screaming at him to stop, but he gave a loud yodel and kept accelerating. By the time we approached U.S. 41, the speedometer had topped 75. Houses and telephone poles on either side of the road were blurs. We saw the lights of cars shoot across the highway ahead of us—the traffic from U.S. 41. At that point, the three of us threw ourselves on the floor of the car and began praying. We hit the crossing at over 80 mph. Only after we'd made it through did J.T. slow down, laughing his head off. I never rode with him again."

"The J.T. I knew went to law school, got his degree, and married a third runner-up in the Miss Maryland contest. He moved to Maryland, where he became a successful criminal lawyer, known for his ability to win acquittals for murderers and mob-

sters. One night his private plane crashed in the mountains of West Virginia. There was a woman aboard who is still unidentified. She didn't have any clothes on. An

Carolina, and Bill Clinton of Arkansas.

Note how true to type Clinton's behavior has been, how quintessentially J.T.-ish.

We know that the President has always been a ladies man. He told us as much in Louisiana when—with a wink and a nudge—he reminisced about the AstroTurf on the flatbed of his pickup truck. Then there was the time the President was asked to view a new archeological discovery, the fossilized remains of a prehistoric human female. He made some tasteless joke about how she looked good enough to date. Only J.T. would say something like that.

We also have the very public catalogue of conquests published in newspapers and journals, as well as the eye-witness reports of Arkansas patrol officers and Secret Service agents.

Finally, there are the accounts of the ladies themselves, always followed by attacks on their characters and reputations.

Incidentally, those who have explained away Paula Jones's accusations by citing her frizzy hair and her big nose just don't know J.T. When the mood strikes him, he'll couple with anything female. His ego has never required beauty or grace or even cleanliness from sex partners. In *Primary Colors*, Joe Klein recognizes this quality in his Clinton character, and Klein isn't even a Southerner.

As for the crudity of his advances, J.T. is a hound dog who believes every female in the world is perpetually in heat. It would never occur to him that either Paula Jones or Kathleen Willey would refuse the opportunity he offered. When they turned him down, he probably figured the law of averages had caught up with him—that every tenth woman was perverse.

Had he never heard from Jones or Willey again, he would probably have forgotten all about the episodes. J.T. is not one to brood about past failures, nor is he given to remorse. It would never have occurred to him that he might have acted improperly.

WARNING TO ALL YANKEES: Believing this man can be hazardous to the health of the Republic.

eyewitness said the plane exploded in midair."

J.T. never changes, not even when his body thickens and his hair turns white. He's always in hot pursuit of women, the younger the better. He remains the supersalesman, with the grin nobody can resist. He has many male friends with whom he plays cards or hunts or trades jokes. He's the celebrity of the local barber shop, the life of the neighborhood tavern, the happy hustler of everybody's bucks—pure ego unleashed on a cowed and always appreciative world.

When an irate husband complains that J.T. was bird-dogging his wife, the other men grin and wink at each other. When he pulls off a shady deal, they shrug their shoulders, roll their eyes, and say, "That J.T. Don't he beat all!" And when he gets into bad legal trouble, some feel sorry for him. (After all, laws weren't made for J.T.)

Bill Clinton is J.T.

Southerners know that. If they didn't know it before 1992, they know it now. That's why Bob Dole—who, during his entire political career, stood for nothing—picked up several Southern states in 1996. There are some of us who simply won't vote for J.T., even if he's running against a bloodless, gutless Midwesterner.

And over the years ol' J.T. has even won a few elections in our part of the country: Kissin' Jim Folsom of Alabama, Frank Clements of Tennessee, John Jenrette of South

However, his reaction when challenged is predictable. He's suddenly, ostentatiously outraged. He squints his eyes, sets his jaw, looks you straight in the eye and says: "It never happened. No way. If she said it did, she's a liar."

And here's the strange part: most women believe him when he denies such charges—in part because they desperately *want* to believe, in part because his lies are reinforced by that crooked, boyish grin that melts their hearts. Whether it's Margaret Ann—his stay-at-home-play-at-home wife—or Patricia Ireland or Gloria Steinem or Betty Friedan, they respond to an animal magnetism that overrides mere reason. In a matter of weeks, the leadership of the women's movement has forfeited its credibility by defending J.T. for the very crimes they've accused others of committing. They approach him now on all fours — whining, tails wagging, inching forward, desperate to be stroked by their master's hand.

J.T. knew they would come through for him. They always have. "The female of the species," he frequently tells the boys after a round of golf, "is moved by hormones rather than brains. No man ever lost money or an election by underestimating the intelligence of women."

As for Whitewater, this was one of J.T.'s attempts to make the Big Score, to put him on a parity, if not with Ross Perot and Bill Gates, at least with Bob Strauss and Clark Clifford. In politics, if you've got money yourself, it's easier to ask other people for money.

Besides, J.T. figures that making sweet deals on the side is one of the perquisites of office. Curiously, he shares this attitude with northern city bosses like Honey Fitzgerald of Boston and Plunkett of Tammany Hall. J.T. would accept Plunkett's famous distinction between "honest graft" and "dishonest graft"—honest graft being the use of your office to make money at relatively small expense to the taxpayer, as opposed to outright stealing.

Why doesn't J.T. get busted for these violations of prescribed ethical codes and the law? In part because he's the kind of grinning charmer who's allowed to stray from the

straight and narrow on the grounds that "good ol' boys will be good ol' boys." Again, women seem willing to cut him more slack than men, many of whom would just as soon throw his butt in jail for the way he behaves. Look carefully at the polls on J.T., and you'll find that women have tipped the scales heavily in his favor, while men are far more skeptical. You get the feeling that had women been running the American frontier, J.T. never would have been hanged for horse theft or rape.

You ask, "Now that the secret weakness of American women is common knowledge, are we doomed to face one J.T. after another? Is Al Gore really J.T. in disguise?"

The answer to both of these questions is reassuring. There are no J.T.'s running for president, not in either party. Al Gore is the antithesis of J.T.—a grown-up Little Goody Two Shoes. In high school, while J.T. was coaxing girls into the back seat of his stripped-down, souped-up Ford, Goody was at home, posing in front of the mirror, practicing his opening statement for the upcoming debate with Central High. He was the only boy in the senior class who wore a coat and tie to school, and he was the teacher's pet in every class.

Some of the girls liked him. Some said he was a mama's boy. They would talk to him, go out with him, even contemplate marrying him, but when J.T. would dance by, every part of his body moving to the music, their eyes would follow him longingly.

Were Goody to get caught with Monica Lewinsky, would Gloria Steinem forgive him? Not on your life. Look what happened to poor Bob Packwood, who probably rated a 100% on the NOW political scoreboard. Packwood was not J.T.

Besides, Little Goody Gore doesn't seem the type to take a chance on a sexual fling, which is one reason why contemporary American women would never fall for him the way they have for J.T. The woman of the '90s has read too many issues of *Cosmopolitan* and *Redbook* and *Glamour*. She knows 101 new ways to give and receive pleasure in bed, to

enjoy longer orgasms, to make her man a sex slave. She's learned that marriage is a trap, that work is more cuddly than children, that Puritanism is dead, and that one-night stands are normal and healthy, provided you use a condom. Over the past two decades, this woman has been prepped for J.T. She's now down on her knees begging him to take command of her life, her body, her soul.

His day has arrived. He is now a national icon rather than a regional embarrassment.

And just when the demand is at its peak in the political arena, J.T. is in short supply. There's no academy established to turn out J.T.'s. J.T. isn't something you can teach. It's a gift as rare as a truffle. It may be genetic, because you can't really learn the talk, the swagger, the go-to-hell look in the eye. You have to be Southern to start with, but being Southern is no guarantee you'll turn out to be J.T.

So why does he rank so high in the polls after having been exposed as a cheat, a liar, and an adulterer?

Because he's J.T.

That's why a whopping majority of Americans don't want him impeached, and that's why he'll be back in six months, as arrogant as ever, getting just what he wants from everybody, including the next wave of White House interns. True, his Yankee wife is no Margaret Ann; and she may, as some tabloids have predicted, leave him the minute their joint presidency has ended. But he'll take that bump in the road and keep on roaring down life's highway, whooping it up, barely slowing down for the intersections, wild to be wreckage forever.

Do you folks up North understand all that?

I didn't think so. ♦

Whit Sanders, a native Floridian, has lived in three Southern states. He spends his time observing and writing about Southern culture.

BLOW SOME MY WAY

BY HUNTER JAMES

King James I, possibly the most proficient of Britain's Stuart monarchs, which is not saying a great deal, stands tall in our memory for at least two extraordinary accomplishments: his sponsorship of the finest edition of the Bible ever rendered into English, a translation never equaled or even approximated by subsequent scholars, perhaps in part because the glory of the language itself has faded since Elizabethan and post-Elizabethan times.

The first of the Stuart kings also proved to be, quite surprisingly, a most eloquent and unabashed foe of Big Tobacco—and, yes, tobacco was already big within a decade of the founding of Jamestown, the first permanent English settlement in America. In what may have been his most memorable statement the king in *A Counterblaste to Tobacco* condemned use of the "noxious weed" as "a custome lothsome to the eye, hatefull to the Nose, harmefull to the braine, daungerous to the Lungs, and in the blacke stinking fume thereof, neerest resembling the horrible Stigian smoke of the pit that is bottomlesse."

And there are those who say this man had no vision? Who among today's anti-smoking zealots could put the case more persuasively?

Well, to hear them now you would think we learned only yesterday that the nicotine weed is bad for you. Only now have the anti-tobacco interests, largely

consisting of the same crowd of neoAbolitionists who brought us Prohibition, cross-busing, affirmative action quotas and other failed governmental policies, made a *cause celebre* of the notion that one puff of the weed is as fatal as an overdose of arsenic. But there is nothing new under the sun, saith the preacher. Ever since Reynolds Tobacco Co. introduced its Camels brand in the twenties—the first real cigarette—teenagers have been hearing an unending litany from their parents, smokers or non-smokers, that cigarettes would stunt your growth, rob you of sense, ruin you for any athletic propensity you might have, cut short your life and force God to question the sincerity of your prayers.

Every year the denunciation voiced by King James almost five centuries ago has grown more frantic. Is anybody listening? Well, certainly not teenagers, who are surely by all odds the most perverse people on earth. Tell a teen not to smoke and he or she will break down all the barriers the federal government can raise to get at a pack of Winstons or Virginia Slims.

For a good while now it has been illegal to sell cigarettes to teens under eighteen years of age. In those same years, however, smoking among the younger set has grown phenomenally. The latest estimate by the Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta is that at least 43 percent of high schoolers use tobacco in one form or another.



JAMES I OF ENGLAND CALLED TOBACCO "LOTHSOME."

Apparently unworried about exposing their naivete, the anti-smoking forces actually have expressed surprise at the dramatic rise in teenage smoking. So the way to stop it, they told us with a straight face, was to raise the excise tax by another \$1.10 a pack. Those who have made up their minds, men like Sen. Ted Kennedy, that the time has come to destroy the industry for good and all would much prefer a high tax—say something in the neighborhood of \$150 a pack. The varied proposals for "doing something about tobacco" came so thick and fast, it was all but impossible to keep up.

Even the president, a shrewd fellow to be sure, still pretends to believe that the nation can stop the tobacco companies from creating new smokers simply by passing a pernicious anti-tobacco bill of the sort that Sen. John McCain, the kind of Republican beloved of liberal Democrats, Vietnam war hero and one-time prisoner of war, spent many

**"a custome
lothsome to
the eye,
hatefull to
the Nose,
harmefull to
the braine,
daungerous
to the Lungs,
and in the
blacke stink-
ing fume
thereof,
neerest
resembling
the horrible
Stygian
smoke of the
pit that is
bottom-
lesse."**

months promoting with a zeal that forced one to question his sanity. Here is a fellow who not long ago declared, in effect, that *all* cigarette manufacturers, warehousemen, distributors, retailers, auctioneers, buyers, processors, exporters and importers, and, by extension, even those who grow the weed are "bad people." And as others would have it: "despicable merchants of death."

Surely a war hero as famous as McCain would have lifted his voice in righteous protest against the growing of this deadly crop if by some misfortune he had been born on one of those underfinanced Carolina tobacco farms where men and women struggle from sun to sun to carve out the most meager of livings.

One day the senator's idea was dead; the next day it was stirring back to life. Now it is dead for sure, if not yet quite buried. Right up until the last McCain was still promising retributive legislation against all of these "bad people" with their cooperation or without it. And once he and his allies raised their stakes in the fight against the industry he found that they didn't have it at all. First RJR-Nabisco, maker of Camels and Winstons, and then Phillip Morris, biggest of all the cigarette manufacturers, and then all of the other major producers divorced themselves from McCain's bill, pronouncing it much too harsh and a sure prescription for bankruptcy.

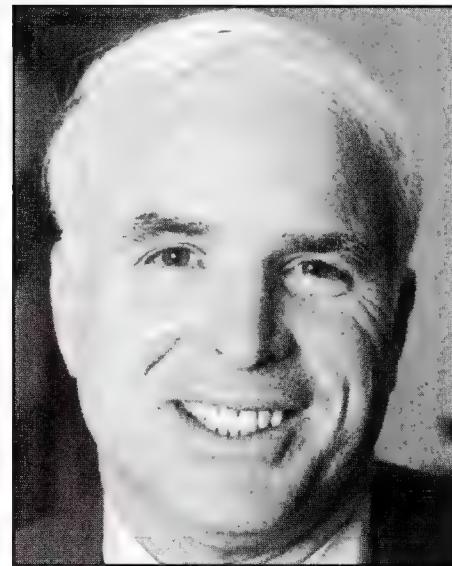
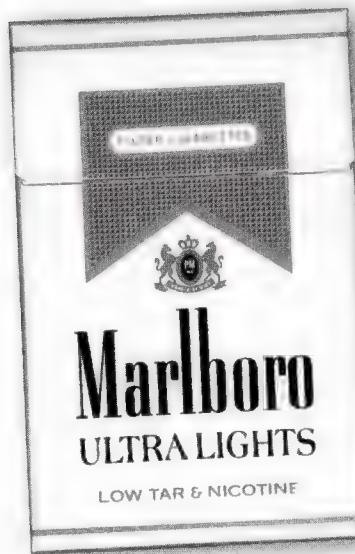
Well, these are all "bad people" and somehow (so the senator believed) they would surely be made to pay even though he and his cronies summarily betrayed the tobacco industry after months of exhaustive negotiations during which the manufacturers thought they had hacked out acceptable com-

promise legislation, presumably agreeable both the bad people and the neo-Nazi abolitionists. But now, by god, say McCain and his followers, we'll keep raising their taxes until they have no alternative but to cry "uncle!"

I guess McCain was mainly keeping his eye on the next round of presidential primaries, hoping that his tough stand on tobacco would ultimately land him in the White House. If liberal Democrats find themselves forced to live with a Republican, they surely must hope it is McCain. Not since Nelson Rockefeller has there been a Republican whose position on issues appeals to such a broad spectrum of Democrat factions.

But leave all that aside. Surely even the most gullible of the abolitionists must know that teens will go on getting cigarettes the same way as they have always got them—through subterfuge, theft, or by way of the black market, which is already a huge and growing business, especially in states like New York, where cigarette taxes are depressingly high. There were never enough "Untouchables" to enforce Prohibition. Will there be enough to eliminate or even substantially reduce the black market in cigarettes? Perhaps one day we will have anti-smoking dens like the old speakeasies of the Twenties or like the opium dens of the Orient. Or maybe the cops will simply give up.

Sometimes it appears that they already have. Not long ago, when Steven F. Goldstone, chairman of RJR-Nabisco, while denouncing the McCain



SEN. JOHN MCCAIN OF ARIZONA LED THE ANTI-TOBACCO FIGHT IN THE U.S. SENATE

bill, flashed a pack of Camels before television cameras, in effect violating an advertising ban almost thirty years old, nobody had the nerve to go up and haul him away in handcuffs.

The same out in California, where legislators recently enacted a law to ban the cigarettes from bars and restaurants for the wholesome purpose of insulating innocents against the evils of second-hand smoke, which "neerest" resembles "the horrible Stygian pit that is bottom-lesse." When a comedian named Drew Carey moseyed into one of those bars and lit up a fag to protest the ban and announced that he was "committing a horrible crime here," not an arresting officer came forward to take the man away. No handcuffs, no billyclubs, no cops. Maybe it was just a plain failure of nerve.

Carey even had the gall to suggest that there still ought to be such a thing as the right of individual choice in this onetime land of the free. Second-hand smoke? It sometimes seems a marvel to me that so many of us who grew up breathing the stuff are still walking around in excellent health even though by all accounts we should have long ago been in the grave.

Yet the president and his allies in Congress were still talking tough. President Clinton proved his invulnerability, as if anyone ever doubted it, by going into the heart of Kentucky tobacco country and escaping with his life. But this was a fight even he could not win.

Even the proposals brought forward



C. EVERETT KOOP HAS BECOME A MILITANT FOE OF TOBACCO.

by less radical congressmen—are we supposed to treat these as concepts begging serious consideration? Does anyone really believe that a tax increase will prove to be a realistic solution to the smoking and health problem? The whole business has the look of a gigantic sham.

To be fair, Congress has ever before it the example of Prohibition, the greatest social failure ever thought up by the abolitionist underworld. So they would like to avoid outlawing the business altogether, and, besides, if teens really did give up smoking, where would our lawmakers get the revenue with which to fund a whole new passel of federal give-away programs. Who among us—adult, teen, senior citizen—is obliged not to buy the cigarettes he doesn't intend to smoke simply to make certain the Clinton crowd doesn't experience a budgetary shortfall?

McCain has fallen still, though one might doubt that he is ready to admit how confounded wrong he was about this whole proposition. Now the tobacco executives are talking. In a recent *New York Times* interview, Goldstone came right out and all but dared his vindictive opponents to drive his industry into bankruptcy. This would not be altogether popular with the shareholders in the beginning, since they would lose by any such deal; though in fact they might gain much more in the long run.

Said Goldstone, who has turned out to be the industry's most articulate and strategic thinker: ". . . If we had to go into reorganization . . . any judgment against us would be stayed, the states wouldn't get their money . . . all of the lawsuits against the industry would grind to a halt. The only thing that we'll still be doing the day after is that we'd still be making cigarettes . . ."

Not only that, an industry thrown into bankruptcy would almost certainly mean the creation of tobacco companies with new names and, as the *Times* observed, with "no history and therefore no liability."

Only days after making this interesting observation and wondering if perhaps C. Everett Koop, former U.S. surgeon general and possibly Big Tobacco's most unremitting foe, had given sufficient thought to where his anti-smoking campaign might lead, Goldstone and his subordinates announced a new advertising program created solely to poke fun at their foes as prim, stiff-necked know-it-alls in whom runs all the dastardly blue blood of the Abolitionists. Satire and ridicule are certainly potent weapons against puritanical zealotry. The new ads could easily turn out to be some of the most effective in history.

Suppose these characters were ultimately to gain their political ends and achieve all they hope to achieve. Forget the black market. Does the President, McCain or anyone else in Congress—men and women who apparently have never heard the words "backlash" or "overkill"—truly believe they will have

"We have no business using federal tax policy to put a legitimate industry out of business. If we want to get rid of tobacco, let's have an up or down vote on it."

their way with Big Tobacco? There is a whole world out there beckoning cigarette manufacturers on to a higher destiny. The international market in cigarettes is booming like crazy, and who believes that, if driven to their last extremity, the cigarette makers will not simply move off to where the buying power is—to Hong Kong or Shanghai or Singapore or any of a dozen other Asian countries now suffering from economic downturn? Who believes that even Congress can drive them into bankruptcy and, worse, rely on its taxing power to do so?

Now and then there is a man willing to speak up. Like Sen. Fred Thompson, a Tennessean, ex-screen actor and a man of great common sense. The senator reminds us again of the threat posed to democratic government by irresponsible legislation. Says he: "We have no business using federal tax policy to put a legitimate industry out of business. If we want to get rid of tobacco, let's have an up or down vote on it."

Well, that will never happen. And neither are the abolitionists likely to get their way. Maybe Big Tobacco still has its problems. Maybe in time it will suffer greater losses in the courts than have yet come its way. But the deal the attorneys general announced recently pleased neither side.

One thing is certain. With so many politicians groping around like blind men in the Labyrinth of Crete, utterly confused about what they really wanted to do with all those absurd anti-smoking proposals, it is hardly surprising that the industry and its lobbyists are way out ahead of their foes at this stage and are likely to remain so for some time to come. ♦

Hunter James is a former correspondent for the Atlanta Constitution and is author of *Smile Pretty and Say Jesus*, a chronicle of the rise and fall of PTL's Jim Bakker.

WAR BETWEEN THE STATES TRIVIA

"In the introduction to *a Treasury of Civil War Tales*, I wrote, 'This volume does not begin to exhaust the rich lode of Civil War material available.' The same is true of the present volume. Hopefully, though, *Civil War Trivia* will prove to be an enjoyable challenge to every student of this most unusual of wars, the ramifications of which continue to our own time."

—*Webb Garrison in the introduction to Civil War Trivia*

FAMOUS FIRSTS

- 1.) What jocular name was given to C.S.A. units made up of volunteers from Arkansas to Texas?
- 2.) What artillery shot consisted of two iron plates connected by a bolt, with nine or more iron balls between them?
- 3.) An officer of what rank usually led five regiments?
- 4.) When a battery succeeded in firing upon the length of an enemy body, what was the action called?
- 5.) What was the name of the two-wheel

- ammunition chest that was attached to each piece of field artillery?
- 6.) When fifty to one hundred men were grouped under a single leader, what was the unit called?
- 7.) When inmates of a Petersburg prison heard the constant thunder of big guns, what did they name the place?
- 8.) When two or more corps had a single commander, what was the larger unit named?
- 9.) What special name did Union troops fighting in the South give to diarrhea?

- 10.) What name did gunner affectionately bestow on especially big shells, usually those weighing one hundred pounds or more?
- 11.) Until he was killed in the final days of the war, by what name did subordinates refer to C.S.A. lieutenant general A. P. Hill?
- 12.) Why was Maj. Gen. Benjamin F. Butler derisively called "Spoons"?

Webb Garrison is a veteran writer who lives in Lake Junaluska, North Carolina. Formerly associate dean of Emory University and president of McKenree College, he has written 40 books, including *A Treasury of White House Tales*, and *A Treasury of Christmas Stories*. Civil War Trivia and Fact Book, ©1992 by Webb Garrison and reprinted by permission of Rutledge Hill Press, Nashville, Tennessee

ANSWERS

1. Rackansackers.
2. Grapeshot.
3. Brigadier general.
4. Enfilade.
5. A limber.
6. A company, command-

ed by a captain.

7. Castle Thunder
8. An army, often far below theoretical strength.
9. The Tennessee Quickstep.

10. Lamp posts.

11. Little Powell
12. He stole the family silver from the New Orleans home where he had his headquarters.

SOUTHERN SAMPLER

BY WILLIAM FREEHOFF

ON GOD AND COUNTRY

"...it is the duty of all nations to acknowledge the providence of Almighty God, to obey His will, to be grateful for His benefits, and humbly to implore His protection and favor..."

President George Washington

ON SECESSION THEN

"Secession is nothing but revolution."

Col. Robert E. Lee, U.S. Army 1861

ON SECESSION NOW

"The best hope, perhaps the only hope, for the South lies in an independent Southern nation, where we can at last be free to pursue the life we desire."

William Lamar Cawthon, Jr.

ON THE SUPREME COURT'S POWER

"The authority of the Supreme Court must not... be permitted to control the Congress or the Executive when acting in their legislative capacities, but to have only such influences the force of their reasoning may deserve."

President Andrew Jackson

ON PUBLIC TRUST

"When a man assumes a public trust, he should consider himself as public property."

Thomas Jefferson

He was born on April 7, 1905 in Memphis and bore a name that would prove to be both a burden and a blessing through the years. At age 6, he accompanied a family friend to the 1911 Confederate Reunion in Memphis. He was dressed in crisp gray uniform and rode a small pony in the downtown parade to the amazement of onlookers and veterans who had ridden with his namesake in combat. As he passed the aged veterans, rebel yells and cheers broke from the crowd at the sight of their old general's flesh-and-blood riding proudly. It was almost too much for the little boy to understand, but he became the star attraction at the Memphis reunion.

The Other Bedford Forrest

The following year family business interests moved them to Biloxi, Mississippi and later to Atlanta, Georgia where he spent his remaining adolescent years growing up in the backwoods of Georgia. In spite of his love of the outdoors, his family saw to his education and ensured he was properly schooled.

In 1923, he gained admission to the Georgia Institute of Technology. By then, the young man understood the legacy that his name bore and

was casting his eyes towards a career in the United States Cavalry. He studied and worked hard during his year at the Georgia Institute, and his family approached Senator Walter F. George to see if he could help the young man get an appointment to the United States Military Academy at West Point.

A year later, at age 19, the fresh-faced teenager from Atlanta, Georgia gained admission to the Academy and left his home for upstate

New York.

His first year at the academy as a "plebe" was the most difficult, but he did manage that year to break the Academy record on the rifle range and held it for all the years he attended. In addition to becoming captain of the team, the young soldier would also become rated as an expert with a pistol. He didn't lack in physical strength either as he proved himself to be one of the Academy's best boxers and a natural cavalry officer. The young



man's love of horses and tactics was well known among his classmates and those who knew him and the legacy of his name placed bets that the cavalry would be the branch of service where he would go on to greatness.

When he graduated from the Academy in 1928, they closed out his yearbook biography with the statement: "Seriously we can say that here is a man who has the qualities that make him a fine comrade and which should enable him to attain a distinguished career as an officer. His ambitions, molded doubtlessly by his legs, is to join the Cavalry. We imagine that will be the branch in which this embryo general will set out to conquer the world."

In 1928, the native Tennessean graduated 52nd out of a class of 261 and was commissioned a Second Lieutenant of Cavalry. Even in a peacetime military, the young soldier distinguished himself and earned the attention of his commanders. In addition, the soldier began to realize that the horse cavalry was diminishing rapidly in military importance and began to rethink his career.

A year later he stunned many people when he transferred to the US Army Air Corps, but he again began to distinguish himself well in the chosen field. He went back to school and studied. As the War in Europe began escalating, he and other commanders began to see the new importance of aircraft in combat situations. Adolph Hitler's use of them in his Blitzkrieg assaults was proving that whoever could establish air superiority could easily control their enemies' war efforts. In fact, the tactics that were often employed resembled closely the cavalry strategies the young soldier was trained to use. His study and work began to pay off and he was soon regarded as one of the Army's best pilots and gunnery experts.

The Tennessean performed well with the 17th bombardment group, was soon promoted to Executive Officer of the 5th, and, by 1941, was commanding the US Army Air Base near Rapid City, South Dakota.



NATHAN BEDFORD FORREST

When World War II broke out, the Tennessean's promotions came much quicker. On Nov. 2, 1942, his life-long dream was fulfilled and he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier General. He served as Chief of Staff for Major General Robert Olds, commanding the Second Air Force, and was assigned to the Eighth Air Force a year later in England.

Upon arrival at the airfield near Framlingham, the Tennessean went on two bombing missions over Cuxhaven and Wilhelmshaven to observe the raids and get a "feel" for flying over German territory. The German submarines were wreaking havoc on shipping in the Atlantic and the Rhein industrial complex was turning out naval equipment faster than anyone expected. The U-boats, as they were called, were considered Germany's most brilliant achievement. Since WWI, the German Navy had become regarded as one of the best in the world. So much so, even Adolph Hitler left the navy alone and would rarely question his admirals' decisions. German sailors were never

required to do the Roman salute used by the infantry and the naval command structure was never tampered with by Hitler's bureaucrats. Following the destruction of the German ship *Bismarck*, the navy began to rethink its tactics and increased its production and reliance on underwater vessels.

The Kiel submarine yards were one of the chief production facilities for the vessels. In May 1943, the Eighth Air Force viciously attacked the yards dropping load after load of bombs onto the facility from their fleet of B-17 Flying Fortresses. Since the strike, however, intelligence sources had told them the Germans recovered quickly and were back in full production at the yards. In addition, German troops had helped rebuild and reinforce the defenses in order to prevent another damaging blow. They also transferred some of the production tasks to the Breman yard to avoid another crippling blow to their ongoing projects.

On June 12, 1943, at a predawn take-off briefing, the Tennessee General's parting words were:

"Good luck men, I'll be flying in the lead ship."

With a final check on equipment, the General took command of 26 B-17 Flying Fortresses leading the attack on the submarine yards of Kiel, Germany. Their mission was to bomb the yards and draw fighter support away from the Breman facility so a second bombardment group could slip in and attempt to destroy the Breman yards at the same time.

As the crews began nearing the coast, the Tennessee General's B-17 split from the group and cleared the North Sea at 23,000 feet. As expected, they soon roared right into German fighter planes from the Kiel Yards as they made their way inland. The night was split apart by machine gun fire, yells, and the whining engines of aircraft slugging it out in the skies over Germany.

The American lead crews were being hit hard, but managed to fight off the German pilots and slice a hole

in the air cover. The gap was enough for the group to make it to the submarine yards. With flak exploding around them, smoke screens blocking their views, and ground artillery lobbing volleys of fires at the airships, the American B-17s still managed to tear into the Kiel Yards with a vengeance. As Germans below scrambled for cover and focused their fighter cover in defense of Kiel, the Breman yards started going up in smoke and flames.

The Tennessean's crew had successfully pulled the bulk of fighters away from the primary target and the American crews at Breman were meeting little resistance. That night, however, would be long remembered by the Eighth Air Force as one of the greatest aerial firefights in history.

While the groups had cut hard into German defenses, it came with a high price. Numerous B-17s were being shot up and going down. One B-17 was so torn apart that it careened into another ship in mid-air. Many of the aircraft were operating with reduced engines and running out of fuel from line breaks sustained in the dogfights, many were overwhelmed and shot down into the North Sea by German pilots. As they completed their bombing runs, the American crews broke off their attack and headed back towards the coast.

The General's plane was among the hardest hit over the target. Two engines were lost to gunfire, enemy bullets had penetrated the cabin, men were down in the back, and the B-17 was trailing smoke badly. In a fashion not unlike his namesake, the General had managed to hold his crew together amid the chaos of the air battle and dropped the bombs into the Kiel Yards, completing his mission.

With only a slim chance of escape, the Tennessean transferred command of the bombing group to the B-17 on his right wing and started limping the plane back towards the coast with the other returning planes. Abandoning the ship over German territory was not an option. The bombers were outfitted with the Norden Bomb Site. The bomb site

plane out towards the coast and free of enemy territory, but at 18,000 feet, the Tennessee General couldn't hold the plane together any longer. He destroyed the Norden site and ordered his crew to abandon ship. American crews reported seeing nine parachutes open from the spinning Fortress as she trailed downward towards the sea. It became one of 24 bombers lost that day over Germany.

When the crews returned to base and reports began to file in, Allied Command immediately demanded

Germany to tell them what happened to the General and his crew. German radio broadcasts stated there was only one survivor of the crash and it was not the Tennessee General. The story of the air battle over Kiel and the loss of the General were reported in magazines and newspapers across the nation.

The worst was feared and within a year, the Tennessean's widow and the Army Air Corps declared him dead. It immediately became a footnote in history as the first casualty of an American general officer killed in combat in World War II's European Theater.

In a solemn ceremony three months later, Lt. General Jacob Devers awarded the missing General the Distinguished Flying Cross bringing a sense of closure to incident, but the Eighth Air Force never forgot and continued looking

for him.

It wasn't until after the war and through the release of POW Lt. W.W. Brown that the facts of June 13, 1943 were known to Allied Command.

The testimony led the investigators to captured German records of the incident. The papers revealed that all of the men, except the lieutenant, were dead. Lt. Brown, who



was the most accurate of its day and considered more important than the planes on which it was placed. In fact, it was a standing order that, in the event of being shot down, the device was to be destroyed by an inset charge or brought back by the crew. Not to do so, could mean being prosecuted for capital treason.

The General managed to get the

parachuted into the North Sea and landed near an anti-aircraft battery, was captured by the battery crew and imprisoned in a nearby camp.

The reports stated that three crewmen were killed onboard the aircraft during the battle and the other eight men parachuted out of the plane. They soon froze to death in the chilling waters of the North Sea.

The General's body was among those discovered washed ashore near a seaplane base at Bu Rugen Island. The Tennessean was buried September 28, 1943 in a small cemetery near Wiek.

On Nov. 15, 1949, six years after his death in combat over the submarine yards in Germany, Brigadier General Nathan Bedford Forrest III, USA was committed to his final resting place in Arlington National Cemetery—ironically in the grounds once owned by his great-grandfather's commanding officer, General Robert E. Lee.

Note: At the time of his promotion to Chief of Staff of the Second Air Force, Forrest became the youngest officer in the history of the Second Air Force to hold that position. His commanding officer, Major General Robert Olds, was also its youngest commanding general.

Wherever Forrest was stationed in the service, reporters would always interview him about his great grandfather and how his tradition led him to join the Army. Forrest spoke respectfully of his namesake and was proud of it. Like most young soldiers, however, he wanted to make a name for himself and did so in the highest tradition of the service. In addition to the Distinguished Service Cross, he was also awarded the Purple Heart, the American Defense Service Medal, American Theater Medal, and the European-African-Middle Eastern Theater Medal.

There is little information regarding General Nathan Bedford Forrest III's career. What material could be found is spread throughout the Armed Forces. Special thanks for what I could obtain has to go to Maxwell Air Force Base in Alabama,



The United States Military Academy at West Point, The Mighty Eighth Air Force Heritage Museum in Savannah, Georgia, and the National Medal of Honors Museum in Chattanooga.

In addition, it should be noted that General Nathan B. Forrest III was not the only progeny of a Confederate general officer killed in World War II while holding the same rank as his ancestor.

During the fierce fighting in the Pacific, General Simon Buckner, Jr., USA, grandson of CSA General Simon Buckner who surrendered Fort Donelson in 1862 to Gen. U.S. Grant, also made a name for himself as a commander. He was a powerfully built man with a reputation as an aggressive commander, who was not afraid of taking chances under fire and often surprised military leaders with his results. When he was entrusted with the Alaskan Defense Air Force in 1940, General "Bull" Buckner, as he was known by his men, beat a Japanese fleet invasion to the Aleutian Islands of Kiska and Attu with his land-based aviation force, a move that brought him enough time to eventually dislodge them and push them back towards Tokyo. He was soon promoted to Lt. General and given command of the Tenth Army comprised of the 1st and 2nd Marines and the 7th and 96th Infantry divisions. During the Battle of Okinawa, General Buckner went to the front lines to observe enemy action and plot a strategy to push the Japanese off of the island. While observing, an enemy artillery shell exploded nearby shooting fragments into General Buckner.

He died within ten minutes of the blast

making him the highest ranking officer killed in action in the Pacific Theater. His death occurred three days before the successful conclusion of the campaign.

The Norden Bomb Site briefly discussed in this story was one of America's greatest technological assets in World War II. The present-day Robertshaw Company in Knoxville helped develop the device using a home-grown invention. One of the company's founders was Westin Fulton. Fulton was a meteorologist who was also a gifted toy maker. He invented the "Sylphon" device in a University of Tennessee laboratory to help measure the changing levels of the Tennessee River. Fulton accomplished his goal, but the invention became something more.

The sylphon is a bellow-like cam which turned out to be a "Genesis device" that started an industrial revolution. In addition to its use in the Norden Bomb Site, Depth-bomb, and other military applications, it led to over 133 United States patents. In fact, the sylphon gave birth to so many inventions, the U.S. Patent Office had to give it a special section to record them all. Robertshaw is still one of America's leading research facilities. In fact, a lot of what it is developing is considered so important that many projects remain classified. ♦

Ed Hooper is producer of Tennessee Chronicles (www.tennesseehistory.com).

Keith A. Hardison

Jefferson Davis

Presidential Library



Jefferson Davis was, of course, the one and only chief executive of the late, lamented (at least on these pages) Confederate States of America. Before that, he served the State of Mississippi and the United States as U.S. Senator, Secretary of War and was among the greatest constitutional scholars in a generation of great constitutional scholars.

President Davis is no longer with us, but his memory finds free-reign at the Southern-most tip of the Magnolia State. Mr. Keith Hardison has the enviable post of being the official keeper of the memory of Jefferson Davis: that is to say he is Curator of "Beauvoir: The Jefferson Davis Shrine" in Biloxi, Mississippi. Mr. Hardison is also the chief promoter of President Davis and we had the privilege to meet up with him recently in Rome, Georgia where he was speaking at the Jefferson Davis Memorial Service sponsored annually by the Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest Camp of Sons of Confederate Veterans.

Southern Partisan: Keith, tell me a little bit about yourself. Where are you from?

Hardison: Well, originally I'm from Nashville—I spent the first 21 years of my life there. I'm probably the only one from Nashville who'll admit he can't sing.

SP: How long have you worked at Beauvoir?

Hardison: Twelve-and-a-half years.

SP: What did you do before you came to work at Beauvoir?

Hardison: I'm of course in the museum profession, a trained museologist, and my previous position was as Curator of Programs for the John E. Connor Museum at Texas A & M University at Kingsville, Texas. I held other museum positions in various situations in Texas and South Carolina.

SP: Tell us a little bit about Beauvoir. How'd it get the name "Jefferson Davis Shrine"?

Hardison: "Beauvoir" is a French word that means "beautiful view." Loosely translated. The name was given to it in 1873 by Sarah Dorsey, the third owner. The core of the Beauvoir Estate was sold by Mrs. Jefferson Davis to the Mississippi Division, United Sons of Confederate Veterans (That's the old name for the Sons of Confederate Veterans) in 1902, and she wanted it to be a memorial to Jefferson Davis and the Confederate cause. Hence, the term *shrine*. Some months ago, at least for business purposes, we officially retitled it Beauvoir, the Jefferson Davis Home and Presidential Library.

SP: I guess being a private enterprise makes it a lot easier to tell the truth about Southern history.

Hardison: Well, it really does. One day while I was out and about all over the grounds in the course of my work and a gentleman stopped me, and asked, "This is not run by the government, is it?" And I said, "No sir, it's not. Why do you ask?" And he said, "There's too much Confederate here." And he's exactly right. We're a private, not-for-profit, educational corporation.

SP: So do you exist entirely off donations?

Hardison: At this point, the operation is funded by earned income: admission sales and gift shop sales; by donations from private individuals, organizations, associations, corporations, foundations, etc. We also have for some years received a state appropriation, that's been recently expanded somewhat.

SP: Well, it's good to know the people of Mississippi still respect their heritage.

Hardison: Well, we think so. We think it's a bit amazing to get this new facility, but it seems like the state government and a lot of the people of the state agree that Jefferson Davis and Southern history are important topics to be dealt with.

SP: What brought President Davis

to Biloxi?

Hardison: President Davis officially moved onto Beauvoir Estate in 1877. That was 12 years after the war was over, and 10 years after Davis had been released from Ft. Monroe: where he was held for two years as a political prisoner after the war. Davis actually owned land in the vicinity which he was planning to develop as kind of a writer's retreat so he could do his history of the Confederacy, but a family friend who owned Beauvoir at the time offered him the opportunity of staying there at the Library Pavilion. Davis accepted with the understanding that he would pay his own way. Jefferson Davis—unlike what Ken Burns said about him—did not like to “mooch” off anybody, to use the modern term.

SP: How old was President Davis when he moved to Beauvoir?

Hardison: He was 69 years-old when he first took up residence.

SP: When was that?

Hardison: He came in 1877, and Varina, his second wife, joined him in 1878. He purchased the entire Beauvoir Estate for \$5500 in 1879: on the installment plan.

SP: How long did President Davis live there?

Hardison: Until his death in 1889.

SP: Did Mrs. Davis remain there after her husband's death?

Hardison: For a few years, yes. Winnie, their younger daughter, joined her parents there when she came home from Europe, and they all lived there together until Davis' death. The two women lived there, kind of on-and-off, for about the next four years before permanently resettling in New York.

SP: Tell me a little bit about the new library. You just opened that up this year; is that right?

Hardison: Yes, it opened May 30, 1998.

SP: What kind of facility is it?

Hardison: The Jefferson Davis

Presidential Library is a somewhat smaller version of other presidential libraries in that there are three different components: a theatre-auditorium (presenting public programming such as films and lectures); an exhibition area; and then you have a research area and a library-archive.

SP: How big is it?

Hardison: It is a two-story building and somewhere around 14,000 square feet, including the porches. The first floor contains a 150-seat theatre where the new film, *Jefferson Davis: American Son* is shown. Then we have about 3,500 square feet of exhibits that chronicle the life of Jefferson Davis. We have staff offices and our research department and archival collection upstairs.

SP: Is the library dedicated to Davis' works, or is it on general Confederate history?

Hardison: The library itself, the research department if you will, consists of Davis materials, and materials about the Soldiers' Home. We have primary and secondary works. Maybe it's best to express it this way: the current mission statement of Beauvoir, which is simply a distillation of Mrs. Davis' marching orders in the Deed of Sale, is to educate the world about the life and times of Jefferson Davis and the Confederate soldier. So we're not only saying "Jefferson Davis," but we're also saying "the Confederate soldier," and we're saying "the life and times," so really, our research collection consisting of photographs, documents, books, manuscripts, are 19th Century Southern history.

SP: How long did it take to build the library, this new facility?

Hardison: Well, it was about two years in the construction, but in the designing, and particularly the fundraising aspect, it was another five years, so really, seven years.

SP: So, you've been working on this a long time? How much did it cost, if you don't mind my asking?

Hardison: Four-and-a-half million



Photos by Robert Michael Givens

dollars, all paid for by the State of Mississippi.

SP: This appears to be the start of a great literary tradition.

Hardison: Beauvoir has always had a literary connection. Davis came there for writing and research, Davis

had had his own library, Sarah Dorsey had had her own library there. When the place was used as a Soldier's Home, there was a library established. Also, back in 1969, the first museum library per se was established by one of our board members, Dr. James B. Butler, because he felt there needed to be a place where folks could come to do research.

SP: Where did the idea for a presidential library come from?

Hardison: We were going through a museum peer review back in the 1970s under the supervision of Lou Gore of the Museum of the Confederacy. While we were talking the library idea came up, that we had tried in years past to do this sort of project, and he said, why not a presidential library? When he said that lights went off everywhere, it was kind of like everybody in unison said, "That's it. That's the concept." And I guess we were too stupid to know it couldn't be done.

SP: Well, that's pretty impressive. Y'all must have had to do a lot of lobbying to get that done.

Hardison: Well, we did. It was kind of an interesting thing. We got turned down a bunch of times, but we gained support, and we had two bills passed by the legislature, signed by the governor, that gave us a total of \$4,500,000 in general obligation bonds from the State of Mississippi.

SP: Have the bureaucrats given you much trouble?

Hardison: You know, sometimes the state can say, "Well, if it's our money, we're going to do it our way and you shut up and take what we're willing to give you." But no, everyone has been very cooperative. Although the project was administered by the State Bureau of Buildings through the Department of Archives and History, our board was in it every step of the way. One of the things I find most surprising about the entire project is that we had the support of members of the legislature from all parts of Mississippi. We had support from both political parties; we even had support, really, from virtually all segments of the legislature..., including from some



areas where perhaps you might not expect it.

SP: You mentioned you have the research library with the books and then you have the auditorium. If somebody came to the library, what would they see?

Hardison: Of course, the building itself is extremely beautiful and it's designed to reflect the period, and it includes some traditional materials. But, one of the first things you see when you enter is the funeral. It's a bit like you perhaps pick up a novel and on the first or second page, the main character dies, and the whole narrative is just a flashback of what's going on. That's what the exhibit is designed to do because not a lot of people know a whole lot about Jefferson Davis, unfortunately, including Southerners. The purpose of the library is to fill that need, but if you, as a casual visitor, walked into this exhibit and my word, here is this immense catafalque, the one used at the funeral, right in front of your eyes, laden down with all of this silver braid and tassels and these swords and these rifles, up on this caisson going by and you read about, for instance, the number of political people who came and that there were 200,000 people involved in his funeral procession, you immediately begin to

wonder, "What kind of man was this?" It's going to put questions in your mind that the rest of the exhibit is going to answer.

SP: That is a grand design, who did the design work?

Hardison: The exhibits were done by the same people who did some of the exhibits for the Ronald Reagan Presidential Library, and a number of other museums throughout the United States. These are not old things in a case with some labels typed up. We're dealing with—I hate to use the term—state-of-the-art exhibits.

SP: Wow, this is really going to be a credit to Davis' reputation.

Hardison: Oh, yes. There is also a new bronze statue of Jefferson Davis that was commissioned by the State of Mississippi through us. When was the last time a state government spent nearly \$60,000 on a statue of the Confederate President? It was done to celebrate Mississippi history with Mississippi money. The artist of that particular thing was a Mississippian, the same one who did William Faulkner up at Oxford.

SP: How tall is the statue?

Hardison: The statue is between seven and eight feet, and it's up on a tiered marble pedestal, silhouetted against the Stainless Banner, in a marble-and-glass hall, so it's very dramatic. It's lit, you can see it from inside and out from three directions.

SP: It's almost like Davis has become respectable.

Hardison: Well, it might also interest you to know that we have commissioned a model of a boat the United States Government named after Jefferson Davis when he was Secretary of War.

SP: What kind of boat was it?

Hardison: A revenue cutter, off the Pacific Coast. There was the *USS Jefferson Davis* and the *USS Varina*. Until we were working on this exhibit, we didn't know that these boats had ever been commissioned. Oh, also we have a mural of the capture of Jefferson Davis near Irwinville, Georgia. We had the mural commissioned to show how Jefferson Davis

was really dressed...

SP: Explain what you mean by "the way he was really dressed?"

Hardison: Well, of course as you know, Jefferson Davis, according to myth, was dressed in women's clothes, and you've seen the drawings of Jefferson Davis sneaking away in a hoop skirt and a bonnet with cavalry boots and a spur and dagger. There've been several variations. That story was promulgated shortly after the capture, and I find that real interesting because the evidence of how he was dressed, his clothing, was taken by the War Department and locked up. When this rumor was circulated there was no way to produce the clothing, at least no way for the Davis' supporters to produce the clothing, to dispute the rumor.

SP: I'm glad to see you are refuting this slur.

Hardison: That's the whole purpose of Beauvoir you see. Davis for years was portrayed in this manner. In fact, for some years thereafter, circuses would often include this pathetic-looking character running around kind of in the frame of a hoopskirt, just running around—that was Jefferson Davis, it was a slap at Jefferson Davis. But in our exhibit you see this large mural of the capture at Irwinville, Georgia. You also see a reproduction of how he was falsely portrayed as being dressed and then, in front of the mural, you see the clothing that Davis was actually wearing. So, I like to present all of the evidence to people.

SP: You don't mean to say are you trying to persuade people by telling the truth?

Hardison: I have this rather radical notion that if you present a full range of facts, most people, most of the time, will make reasonably intelligent decisions. You can't expect them to make intelligent decisions or accurate assessments, however, if you don't give them all the facts. For so long, in regard to particularly critical phases of Southern history, people have been presented with bits and pieces of the evidence.

SP: Has there been much new

scholarship about Davis? Are there people writing books about Davis now?

Hardison: Well, that's going on all the time. The Jefferson Davis Papers Project, with Dr. Lynda Crist as Editor-in-Chief at Rice University, has been an ongoing thing. Of course, the first Editor-in-Chief was Frank Vandiver.

SP: Are there any new biographies in the works?

Hardison: I believe Dr. Cooper at LSU is nearing completion of a biography of Jefferson Davis. I don't know what the projected publication date is, but I know he's been working on that for several years. There is also a lady that we've just recently been in contact with, who is writing a biography. Some materials, I believe, are also in the wing about Winnie Davis, and so there is a constant interest. We have also had, working through some intermediaries, *The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government* republished in its entirety.

SP: That was the book that Jefferson Davis himself wrote?

Hardison: That was the first one he wrote.

SP: Can you recommend one particular book that someone could read if they wanted to get a really good idea what Jefferson Davis was like and what his thinking was like?

Hardison: Well, if you're talking about a biography of Jefferson Davis—if you're talking about a history of the man himself—I would recommend Jefferson Davis by McElroy. It's an older book, originally published in two volumes, but it has been condensed into a single volume. Ounce for ounce, as far as works that are currently available, that would be the best. *Jefferson Davis'* original biographer was Landon Knight, an Ohioan, who called Jefferson Davis "the most misunderstood man in history" and I think that's an accurate assessment.

SP: What about a book on Davis' political views?

Hardison: If you wanted to read Jefferson Davis' views from his own point of view, he wrote two books, *The Rise and Fall of the Confederate*

Government. It is a massive work and it is not easy reading. The best book that Jefferson Davis ever wrote was called *A Short History of the Confederate States of America*, and was published just after his death.

SP: When did Jefferson Davis die?

Hardison: December 6, 1889.

SP: How old was he?

Hardison: He was 81 years old.

SP: This library project is going to be a pretty hard act to follow. Do you have any other big plans you want to talk about?

Hardison: Well, we've got some big plans, it's just going to take some big financing. We are planning a renovation of the old Confederate hospital building, which houses exhibits on the Confederate soldier: perhaps a million dollars worth of improvements to that building, half of which would be exhibits on the Confederate soldier. We don't have the money now, but that's the next big project.

SP: If our readers wanted to come and see you at Beauvoir, how would they come and do that?

Hardison: Well, absolutely. We are located on the Jefferson Davis Highway, US Highway 90, the Beach Road in Biloxi. We're easily accessible from US 90 and Interstate 10. We're about halfway between New Orleans and Mobile, right on the beach. We're open every day except Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Christmas Eve afternoon. The phone number is (228) 388-9074. Our gift shop is (800) 570-3818.

SP: Do you have a web site?

Hardison: Yes, folks can visit us virtually, if you will, at www.beauvoir.org. They can also e-mail us: beauvoir@netdoor.com. We try to help with research requests through that. Our website lists everybody who is buried at Beauvoir.

SP: Thanks for taking the time to talk to us.

Hardison: My Pleasure. I hope y'all will come down to Biloxi and see us some time. ♦

NEWS FROM MUSIC CITY



BY GEN. JON RAWL, C.S.A.
(COUNTRY SINGING AUTHORITY)

■ After a lengthy cancer battle, David H. "Butch" McDade, a founding member of Southern rock band The Amazing Rhythm Aces ("Third Rate Romance"), died on November 29 at the age of 52. Butch was a popular Nashville figure that also toured or recorded with the likes of Tanya Tucker, Leon Russell and Roy Clark. McDade formed the legendary Rhythm Aces with singer/songwriter Russell Smith in the early '70s.

■ "Bust" in the country! *Playboy* magazine says only one country star is sexy enough to be named one of its "sexiest stars of the century"—Dolly Parton. The singer is featured in a 24-page pictorial in the magazine's 45th Anniversary issue. Other stars on the list include Marilyn Monroe, Jayne Mansfield, Raquel Welch, Brigitte Bardot and Cindy Crawford.

■ Music rocker Chris Isaak loves Stonewall Jackson, the singer and not the Confederate hero. During his current live show, Isaak is performing Stonewall Jackson's country classic "Don't Be Angry." The pop singer/actor is a self-confessed fan of the country legend behind the classic "Waterloo."

■ The former Aspen, Colorado home of the late John Denver is now on the market for a mere \$3.9 million. The 6,849-square-foot house and more than seven acres will be sold with proceeds to benefit his children. Will they accept Confederate currency?

■ A cute Dixie couple. Florida Cracker Billy Dean has spread his "Wings." He made it official on TNN's Prime Time Country that he and television star Crystal Bernard of the former NBC sitcom "Wings" are dating. Dean said, "We just don't get to see each other that much, but she's one

of the most awesome people I've ever met. I've always heard that relationships should start with friends, and she's my best friend, I love her, I really do. I profess my love. She's taught me a lot about love." Crystal is the daughter of a Texas preacher.

■ The Grand Ole Opry returned to its former home, the Ryman Auditorium, for shows January 15-16. This move was an exceptional one. The current Grand Ole Opry House at Opryland rarely sells out its 4,000 something theater. This special weekend at the Ryman will hopefully jumpstart the Opry and bring it back to prominence.

■ "Hey, hey, hey Goodbye!" The Mavericks will no longer make records for MCA Nashville. However, the group still plans to record for another label in the Universal Music Group. This band sold a few million records in the early '90s, bringing along a freakish pop following to country. Traditionalists like me are glad to see them heading out!

■ "If Heaven ain't a lot like Dixie, I don't want to go!" professed Hank "Bocephus" Williams. Songs like this and his other classics are still in demand. His *Greatest Hits* collection has just been certified quadruple-platinum for 4,000,000 in sales; *Hank Live* and *Major Moves* have gone platinum, and 3 of his other titles have each received Gold for a half-million in sales. Daddy would be proud of you Son!

■ Speaking of the Great One, Billie Jean Horton, the widow of Hank Williams Sr. and Johnny Horton, says George Jones once poured a case of beer on her during a trip from Little Rock to Memphis. George's reaction? "She had the hots for me, and I told her, 'You've already killed two of my friends. You're not going to kill me.'" Jones is back in

the studio working on his first album for Asylum Records, scheduled for release in May.

■ What kind of hole has Tennessee gem Deana Carter fallen into? She has long admitted to enjoying Howard Stern, and now she has bought freak-o and Satan-wannabe Manson's latest release. The country singer is fascinated with him, but doesn't agree with him all of the time. Carter claims that she can see he's very intelligent. Yeah right!

■ Every Southern Boy's dream-come-true is to lure in the big 'un. To show those novice anglers like me how Mickey Gilley, Tony Orlando, Mel Tillis and Moe Bandy are making a fishing video narrated by country legend Waylon Jennings. The odd crew shot scenes in the Bass Pro shop in Springfield, Missouri.

■ Wynonna's boat will no longer come in. The singer has filed for divorce from her boat salesman husband, Arch Kelly. They married three years ago in a teepee on Wy's farm. Judd cites "irreconcilable differences" as the cause. The couple has two young children.

■ Likeable Yankee and Oak Ridge Boy vocalist Joe Bonsall was shopping before Christmas and saw a big display of his "Molly" books at a Music City retail store. These are the books Joe wrote for kids about his cat, Molly. The salesman asked Joe if he needed any help, and when they found out who he was asked him if he would do a book signing. The Philadelphia native gladly accepted the offer. ☺

Jon Rawl lives near the battlefield in Franklin, Tennessee and is a writer in the Country Music industry.

Southern Cooking

WITH SALLIE JEAN

The recent stock market crash gave us quite a scare. Not so much that we resorted to eating Ramen noodles or imitation butter but enough that we at least talked about cutting back. Of course, my husband always thinks the end is near financially, so I had to tread carefully when I refused to give up some of my extravagances.

But one thing neither of us would scrimp on is gift giving. Well, perhaps we don't rush off to Dillard's at the mention of a promotion or a birthday, but we do still give from the heart. I've always been in favor of more "personal" gifts, meaning homemade creations. So I've been trying to be a bit more creative, without investing the time I don't have to needlepoint everything.

Here are some quick and easy ideas on how to make gifts in your kitchen, and bring joy to everyone on your list.

First, who doesn't love something sweet?

Norfolk Nut Crunch

Mix in a large pot:

- 1/2 pound butter
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup light Karo syrup
- 1 Tbs. grated orange rind
- 2 tsp. ground cinnamon
- 1/2 tsp. salt (only when using unsalted peanuts)

Bring to a boil at medium heat. Boil approximately 5 minutes, or until mixture is thick.

Add a total of 6 cups of nuts - any type, though a mixture is best.

Butter a rectangular cake pan. Spread nut mixture evenly in pan and let cool. Break into pieces and store in an airtight container.

Buckeyes

- 1/2 pound butter
- 1 pound (2 cups) peanut butter
- 1 1/2 pounds powdered sugar

Mix all three together until smooth (use your hands and knead well.) Chill. Roll into balls and chill again.

Melt 6 oz. semi sweet chocolate chips with 6 oz. milk chocolate chips and one well rounded tablespoon of shortening. Use a toothpick to pick up balls and roll them in the melted chocolate. Set covered balls on wax paper lined sheet and chill.

Next, two variety coffee mixes that look great wrapped in appropriate mugs. To use the mixes, simply combine 1-2 tsps with boiling water.

Bourbon Street Mocha Espresso

Mix together 1/2 cup instant coffee, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/4 cup cocoa powder and 2 1/4 cups nonfat dry milk. Store in airtight containers (even ziploc bags will do).

Orange Beach Cappuccino

Mix together 1 cup instant coffee, 1 1/2 cups sugar, 2 cups nonfat dry milk and 1 tsp. crushed dry orange peel.

And for something a bit more potent . . .

O'Hara Irish Cream

Mix all of the following in a blender and store in the refrigerator:

- 3 eggs
- 8 oz. light cream (not whipping or half in half)
- 8 oz. sweetened condensed milk
- 1 cup Irish or Scotch whisky
- 3 tsp. camp coffee (take 1 Tbs. Folgers crystals, add just enough boiling water to make a motor oil like syrup)

For the hunters or just plain meat lovers . . .



Red Wine Marinade

is perfect for rabbit, game, and less tender cuts of beef and mutton.

Combine 2 cups of red wine, 1/4 cups vinegar, 1 chopped onion, 1/4 cup chopped carrot, a few peppercorns, one or two bay leaves and a pinch each of dried parsley and thyme. Store in sealed containers. Omit carrot and substitute dried or fresh onion if you are unsure how soon marinade will be used.

And, finally, for the kids:

Homemade Playdough

- 1 cup flour
- 1/2 cup salt
- 2 tsps. cream of tartar
- 1 cup water
- 1 Tbs. vegetable oil

Food coloring & vanilla extract or peppermint oil (or 1 packet of Kool-aid for both color and scent)

After choosing your color and scent, mix all ingredients in a medium saucepan and cook over medium flame, stirring constantly. When dough is very stiff, turn onto the counter and knead until it cools. Store *unrefrigerated* in air tight container.

With all you save on these creations, you'll certainly have enough left over to buy those little diamond earrings your wife has been yearning for. Get the hint, dear? *

Sallie Jean is the Southern Partisan cooking columnist.

AMERICA: History of State and Empire

Reviews of:

A History of the American People

by Paul Johnson

Harper Collins, 1998, 1088 pages; \$35.

America As State

By William J. Watkins, Jr.

American history, as written today, is a melancholy story. Students learn about the oppression of various groups and little more.

But occasionally there appears a book that bucks the trend. Paul Johnson's *A History of the American People* is such a tome. One is tempted to describe the book as monumental, a stirring rendition of American history. Johnson's peerless use of the language captivates the reader and his wit is delightful. But, for all of the book's exquisite scholarship and interpretation, it has many flaws. And the blemishes are not minor; they render *A History of the American People* an above average book, rather than a superb work.

An example of Johnson's grave errors is his discussion of the Constitution and constitutional controversies. Johnson avers that the Constitution has survived "because it has been obeyed—by both government and people." How a respected scholar like Johnson can make such a ridiculous statement is perplexing. The history of Leviathan's growth and the decline of American liberty is the story of one constitutional violation after another. Johnson has no comprehension that the general government of the Framers was one of limited powers with the mass of power left with the states. Thus, Johnson ignores the American people's fear of centralization, embodied in the arguments of the Anti-federalists. It should come as no surprise that Americans preferred to deal

with matters like religion on the state and local level, but Johnson is oblivious to the basic doctrines of federalism.

As for the Bill of Rights, Johnson implies that Madison drafted only 10 amendments and that what we know as the First Amendment was first because it was the most important. Actually, Congress submitted 12 amendments to the states with our First Amendment offered as the third of the twelve. Only because the first two amendments dealing with apportioning representatives and the pay of members of Congress were rejected did the amendment concerning religious freedom and free speech become the First Amendment.

Furthermore, Johnson gives short shrift to early constitutional controversies like the Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions. Johnson spends but one paragraph discussing the Resolutions and in this small amount of space makes additional factual errors. The author claims that the Resolutions were "passed by the Virginia legislature and copied in Kentucky." In reality, the Kentucky Resolution was passed in November of 1798 and the Virginia Resolution, much different than Jefferson's fiery Kentucky Resolution, was passed in December.

As for America's greatest constitutional controversy, the War Between the States, Johnson continues with his faulty version of history. Though he correctly points out that had the matter of slavery been resolved the South still might have seceded over other issues, Johnson quickly lapses into Lincoln worship. According to Johnson, the presidency was at "its high point under Lincoln," who hated slavery but "loved the Constitution more." If one

considers the chief executive centralizing a vast amount of power as a desirable thing, then Johnson is correct that the presidency was at its high point. And if love of the Constitution includes suspending habeas corpus without congressional approval, the dismissal of representative assemblies by the use of force, the imprisonment of citizens who criticize government policy, and the trial of civilians by military tribunals when the civil courts are functioning, then Lincoln did indeed love the Constitution very much.

Though Johnson sings the praises of Lincoln, he also recognizes that the War Between the States led to a "gigantic expansion of government." Except for the War, Johnson is skeptical of government's growth and government's attempts at social engineering. He praises the colonies because they were "the least taxed territories on earth" and describes the resulting minimalist government that existed pre-Lincoln as a "tremendous benefit." And though Johnson admits that the South was protesting "the growth of government generally," he is unwilling to engage in any historical revisionism and for the most part repeats the standard history of the War.

Fortunately, the author redeems himself once he reaches the twentieth century, especially with his discussion of the Great Depression and the New Deal. Johnson, citing the great Austrian economist Murray N. Rothbard, explains how the Federal Reserve deliberately inflated the money supply in the 1920s by expanding credit from \$45.3 billion in 1921 to \$73 billion in 1929. The author points out that though Keynes' General Theory did not appear until 1936, the federal government essentially was engaged in Keynesianism regarding the money supply throughout the 1920s. Such a discussion of the causes of the Depression is much welcomed considering the usual argument that laissez faire rather than interven-

tionism caused the financial collapse.

Moreover, Johnson laments the fact that Herbert Hoover, who was an interventionist to the core, occupied the White House when the panic began. As head of Woodrow Wilson's Commission of Relief after World War I, Hoover "absorbed" Wilson's beliefs in "forceful government direction and planning." Hence, once the Depression began, Hoover initiated a variety of interventionist programs. Johnson writes that "[m]ore major public works were started in Hoover's four years than in the previous thirty." The author also quotes New Deal chief Rexford Tugwell who finally admitted in 1974 that the New Deal was essentially derived from the programs that Hoover started. So much for the bromide that Hoover's inactivity resulted in great hardship for Americans—in reality his interventionism exacerbated the problem.

In the end, one realizes that *A History of the American People* is a book of contradictions. On the one hand, Johnson is a fearless revisionist in his discussion of the Depression and New Deal. But on the other hand, Johnson repeats the typical assumptions about the Constitution and thus blunders through hundreds of pages confusing the limited constitutional government of the Framers with the British Parliament, which has the power to make or unmake any law as it chooses.

Johnson's historical misadventures make clear that one cannot begin to understand American history without an appreciation for the compound Republic designed by the Framers and the intricacies of federalism. Johnson's treatment of the United States as but a typical European-styled central state, rather than a republic of republics, spoils what could have been a great book.

William Watkins is a former editor with The Freeman magazine.

America As Empire

By Joe Scotchie

At first glance, *A History of The American People* would seem to be an antidote to the "breast beating cant" and political correctness that has so ably dumb-downed the American public, nearly leaving them as a people without history. A stupendous achievement in many respects, this thick volume vividly re-creates both the rapid growth in wealth and the enormous liberties enjoyed by hardy inhabitants in the early years of the republic. Concerning the South, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, John Marshall, Andrew Jackson, James Polk, Robert E. Lee, Jefferson Davis and Stonewall Jackson are treated in a mostly sympathetic light, at least about as much as we can expect from a book published on Manhattan Island.

But, alas, the author, writing with an enthusiasm that only a willing subject of a mighty empire can muster, misreads the original intentions of the Founding Fathers. The American nation was not intended to be a "city on a hill" or a "model for the entire planet," but merely a constitutional republic that might allow for those liberties granted under English law.

On the "central event" in American history, Mr. Johnson asserts that the Civil War "made America a nation, which it was not so before." A dubious claim, at best. It is true that the term "nation" was rarely used in pre-Civil War America, but the Republic of 1787 was a true nation, one with the civilizing bonds of blood and land, one also formed voluntarily through an intense debate that acknowledged both man's fragility and his immemorial tendency toward evil actions. The "nation" the Civil War made was forged through military invasion and occupation, created by tactics of total warfare which paved the way for even greater atrocities in the 20th century. Moving into modern times,

the author roundly condemns the statism of Herbert Hoover, Franklin Roosevelt, John F. Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson. This is fine, of course, but Mr. Johnson might contemplate the views of Frank S. Meyer, the Old Right philosopher who claimed that the Lincoln Administration laid the foundation for a New Deal that conservatives rightly opposed.

The book ends with the author duly chronicling the cultural wars of the 1980s and '90s. Mr. Johnson denounces the "whims" of "Fin-de-Siecle America" while praising the "problem solving" people living in a "problem creating" nation. The situation is more than mere "whim." They represent a well-concreted action, rooted in both the educational system and current political rhetoric, bolstered by massive immigration and changing demographics to destroy what's left of the nation's founding Western, Christian heritage.

"Problem creating," likewise, has its own purposes. There are, for instance, the "problems" of teenage smoking (which would once thought to be the domain of parents), of overweight Americans and all the "health risks" posed by tobacco, fast food joints, and even your morning cup of coffee. Such life-threatening problems have only one solution: Namely, to raise money to create new bureaucracies and regulations; in short, to increase the size and power of the Federal government.

But Mr. Johnson is an optimist. This attribute, in part, has made him mighty popular among Beltway conservative critics. And for a good reason. His sentiments jibe with the Right's own worldview that America in the '90s represents the world's successful nation with nary a cloud in sight. But what they are celebrating is America as a global empire. Nothing could have been further from the Founding Father's intentions.

Deep in his heart, Joe Scotchie is a Tarheel.

Pat Buchanan: Protectionist or Prophet?

By David Wade and Joe Scotchie

Reviews of: *The Great Betrayal: How American Sovereignty and Social Justice Are Being Sacrificed to the Gods of the Global Economy.*
By Patrick J. Buchanan
Little, Brown and Company, 1998,
376 pages, \$22.95.

Passionate Protectionism

By David R. Wade

"A Conservative government is an organized hypocrisy," Benjamin Disraeli once observed. The epigram is famous. Less widely known is that he was referring to his own Tory Party, which had abandoned the interests of the lords and yeomen of Old England in favor of free trade and cheap bread during the Corn Law Agitation.

It doubtless shocks many of our neo-conservative brethren, who seem to have come down with the last rainfall, to discover that their Grand Old Party was born and bred in the service of Protection, a cause it did not really abandon until the Eisenhower years. It may well shock other readers of Pat Buchanan's pithy and combative polemic to discover that Washington, Madison, Jefferson, and Jackson were all economic nationalists; that Adam Smith himself was a Protectionist, and Karl Marx a free-trader.

Buchanan asks a very significant question. If most economists are convinced in the superiority of the arguments for free trade, why have practical statesmen everywhere, entrusted with the welfare of their peoples, consistently ignored these arguments? Could it be that the "free trade" so adored by the neo-conservatives is tainted with the sort of Utopian theorizing that a real conservative, like the late Russell Kirk, taught us to abjure?

But to partisans of Southern heritage, Buchanan's call for a new economic nationalism raises a special objection. Is not the Southern heritage one of reliance on free trade? Is not free trade historically associated with the interests of Southern agriculture and the doctrine of limited government? Is not Yankee Protectionism associated with industrialism, centralization, Big Government?

Historically, this has been true enough. But to insist that conservatives always use the same means to achieve their ends, regardless of changing circumstances, is to commit the antique fallacy. As Burke himself once observed, we have to learn to vary our means precisely for the sake of consistently pursuing our ends. When Calhoun denounced Protectionism, the tariff was being used in a blatantly discriminatory fashion to make the agricultural South pay for the prosperity of the industrial North. The entire federal government was at that time such a modest affair that the tariff did indeed add considerably to its size and expense. Those days are gone.

"Free trade" now increasingly means *managed* trade—trade managed by international bureaucrats more distant than Washington ever was—the oligarchs of NAFTA, GATT, and the WTO. A tariff could be administered for a mere pittance and the revenues derived from that tariff could be used to reduce the presently staggering burden of the federal income tax which, of course, did not even exist when Calhoun blasted the Yankee Protectionists.

Ah! But that is the tricky part. Mr. Buchanan's tariffs must be high enough to protect American workers but low enough so as not to discourage all foreign competitors from paying them—otherwise, there is no revenue to reduce the burden of the income tax. Buchanan has considered this difficulty. He reckons that a

general tariff of 15% will be neither too high nor too low to accomplish his dual purpose.

Aside from reducing the burden of the income tax, there are other residual benefits. The tariff revenues could be used to virtually eliminate taxes on savings, investments, and inheritance, making America the world's great haven for capital. By reviving our industrial base, it would also make our national defense less dependent upon foreign materials and technology, which may not be available to us in a time of crisis when we need them most.

This book is scholarly. But, as we might expect, this is also a passionate book. The marriage of scholarship and passion comes through in passages like this:

"For our first fourteen decades, high tariffs and small government went hand in hand. The most protectionist president of the twentieth century, Coolidge, cut spending to 3 percent of the GNP. Wilson, our first free-trade president, gave us the income tax, took us into World War I, and left the nation with a national debt that has never been repaid; the greatest free trader of all, FDR, was the godfather of Big Government. Do economists read history?"

And it challenges us, in passages like this:

"An economy is not a country. A nation's economic system should reinforce the bonds of national unity, but the nation is of a higher order than any imaginary construct of the economist. A nation is organic, alive; it has a beating heart. The people of a nation are a moral community who must share values higher than economic interest...What is wrong with the Global Economy is what is wrong with our politics; it is rooted in the myth of Economic Man. It elevates economics above all else. But man does not live by bread alone. In a true nation, many things are placed on a higher altar than maximum efficiency or a maximum variety of consumer goods. Once, conservatives understood that."

The Prophet of Trade

By Joseph Scotchie

The Great Betrayal opens with a gripping fate of a Fruit of the Loom plant in Rayne, Louisiana, home to 500 female employees, many of them young mothers supplementing their husband's incomes. One day, near Christmas 1996, the plant, in search of cheap labor, shut down and moved to Mexico, devastating an entire town at what is usually the most joyous time of the year. In Rayne, the ladies worked for six dollars an hour. In Mexico, however, labor costs go for 50 cents an hour.

To those conservatives who contend that this is the golden age of American prosperity, Buchanan recites a score of chilling economic numbers:

- Between 1972 and 1994, real wages fell 19 percent, the longest slide in *three centuries*.
- In 1970, the price of an average new house was twice a young couple's income; it is now four times that income.
- Today, 63 percent of women with young children are in the workforce. In 1960, the number was 18 percent.
- In the first six years of the 1990s, the median family income fell 6 percent. During the Depression-era 1930s, it rose 17 percent.
- The wages of U.S. manufacturing workers are now below Japan's and are only 60 percent of Germany's.
- The federal tax bite, 3 percent of the average family income in 1950, is now 25 percent.

Add to that, this aside: while not a single pair of shoes, a television set, camera, radio or child's toy is made in the U.S., 628,000 of us work for Wal Mart, up from a mere 21,000 in 1978. In a manufacturing economy, a man could still claim to be a genuine craftsman. Working behind the counter at Wal Mart isn't the same thing.

Free trade ideology is mostly a Cold War phenomenon. Attempts to form a trading body similar to today's World Trade Organization were snuffed out by post-World War II Congresses. But the administrations of Dwight D. Eisenhower and Lyndon Johnson made numerous unilateral concessions on trade to American allies whose economies experienced slight difficulties. If a Western or pro-Western nation fell on hard times, why then, they may just turn to Marxist, pro-Soviet measures. Or so went State Department thinking.

Buchanan's scholarship turns up that all the nation's Founding Fathers were, at least by our standards, protectionist. Free traders Thomas Jefferson and James Madison both came around to the economic nationalist side late in their careers. Mostly, Buchanan hails the post-Civil War Republican party for defending American workers against the ravages of global trade.

Obviously, this view of history will be controversial to many *Southern Partisan* readers. The GOP was not a party Old South voters could support. Nonetheless, Buchanan—himself the great grandson of Confederate veterans—praises the GOP's trade policy for a decades-long era of economic growth which enabled America to replace Great Britain as the world's great economic power. Industry and cities grew, but not necessarily at the expense of the nation's founding agrarian culture. From the end of Reconstruction until the beginning of World War II, America remained a largely agrarian, small town nation, a condition which accounted for a sound moral structure as well. A proper balance of city life and country life existed even into the 1950s.

Southerners rightly despised the party of Thaddeus Stevens and Edwin Stanton, but we must acknowledge that Republican presidents of the post-Reconstruction era—William McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt, William Howard Taft, and

Warren Harding, among others—all left the South alone. Supreme Court appointments made by Democrat Franklin Roosevelt and the nonpartisan Dwight D. Eisenhower were responsible for a Second Reconstruction which hobbles our public school system to this day.

In the globalist vs. nationalist struggle of the 1990s, Buchanan has been the most articulate champion of the latter side. But Buchanan's traditionalism also animates his economic policies. The commentator is sure that modest tariffs on Japan, China and other Third World nations would force more industries to open up shop in America, creating high paying jobs, instead of just low-paying ones at the local McDonalds. Like most conservatives, he also supports a flat tax to drastically reduce the revenue burden. Pat Buchanan's America was not only a nation where incomes grew steadily year after year, but where a man could support a family on a single paycheck, and where young children were raised at home in the care of their mothers rather than being dropped off at a day care center. Birth rates were also much higher in the 1950s and '60s than today.

All this represents Buchanan's greatest challenge. Rather than rebelling, Americans may be resigned to a global economy which could eventually wipe out both our national sovereignty and the particularisms of the nation's regional cultures. The future of a Buchanan-style traditionalism in Jerry Springer's America is, at the least, a very troubled proposition. Still, it goes without saying that Pat Buchanan remains the most important ally Southern traditionalists have seen in many, many years.

Joe Scotchie is the author of *Barbarians in the Saddle: An Intellectual Biography of Richard M. Weaver*.

The Real Cause

By Kirk Wood

For Cause & Comrades: Why Men Fought in the Civil War

By James M. McPherson
Oxford University Press, 1997,
pages, \$17.50.

Miss Emma Holmes of Charleston, SC, and a survivor of the War Between the States, has left us one of innumerable diaries from the South about the conflict of 1861-1865 (see *The Diary of Miss Emma Holmes, 1861-1866* edited by John F. Marszalek [Baton Rouge: LSU, 1979]. A few quotes from this source will serve to introduce Prof. McPherson's latest work which is also a much needed corrective analysis of what the Civil War was all about.

"The United States," now alas broken into fragments through the malignity and fanaticism of the Black Republicans... Doubly proud am I of my native state, that she should be the first to arise and shake off the hated chain which linked us with Black Republicans and Abolitionists. . ." (Feb. 13, 1861, p. 1)

"Old Abe Lincoln was inaugurated today amidst bayonets bristling from the housetops as well as streets. His speech was just what was expected from him, stupid, ambiguous, vulgar and insolent, and is everywhere considered as a virtual declaration of war." (Mar. 4, 1861, p. 11)

"Every day brings fresh accounts of the demoniac fury & hatred of the Northerners towards the Southerners & South Carolinians especially. The fury with which the 'Sans Culottes' of the French Revolution sought the Aristocrats never equaled theirs." (May 1, 1861, p. 40)

"It is worthy of remark how many of the descendants of Virginia's revolutionary heroes are now holding high positions in the C. S. A. [Descendants of Light-Horse Harry Lee, Thomas Jefferson, John Marshall, and George

Washington are noted.] (May 13, 1861, p. 46)

"Their brothers [of the sisters named Bates] sympathize with the South and think that the North broke the Constitution thereby justifying secession. . ." (June 1, 1861, p. 53)

"John Lothrop Motley, who wrote & published only four or five years ago an admirable and most intensely interesting history of the Netherlands, has just been made Lincoln's second minister to Austria. . . . Motley is a Northerner but having depicted in such glowing, earnest, life-like colors the struggle of the Netherlands for liberty against the oppression of the House of Austria, it seems incomprehensible that he should consider us as rebels and take a strong part against us. I admired him not only for the fine execution of his work, which will undoubtedly take its stand as a classic, but for his heart whole enthusiasm in their struggles for that most glorious of all blessings—liberty—but he is an example for party spirit and inconsistency too common to the age." (August 14, 1861, p. 80)

"The free colored men of this city [Charleston] have had a meeting, collected \$450 for the Soldiers Relief Society, passed resolutions very creditable to them indeed, and presented the money." (Sept. 3, 1861, p. 86)

"Cadet [William B.] McKee read a long paper [at the Citadel] giving the causes for Secession extending almost as far back as revolutionary times & ending with the Ordinance of Secession of South Carolina. . ." (Dec. 21, 1861, p. 114)

"We, the free-born descendants of the Cavaliers [Whigs], to submit to the descendants of the witch burning Puritans, whose God is the Almighty Dollar. Never! I thank God I am a Southerner and South Carolinian." (Feb. 14, 1863, p. 232)

To encounter such statements nowadays is to be perplexed about 1861-1865. While historians have

long settled on the twin themes of slavery and race as the *causus belli* of the Civil War, Miss Holmes yet refers to other issues and ideas that somehow are forgotten or what is worse even denied. Something is amiss here with Civil War historiography. Facts and interpretation do not quite coincide. This is where Prof. McPherson's book represents such a valuable addition to the literature of the Civil War. In his view, ideas were important to Confederates and Yankees alike and especially so with respect to Liberty and the meaning of that concept (although and significantly each section interpreted it differently).

Having already defended the South in *Battle Cry of Freedom* (1988), it was not the South that changed but rather the North and the former "fought to protect their constitutional liberties against the perceived northern threat to overthrow them" based on a "concept of republicanism that had not changed in three-quarters of a century. . ." McPherson emphasis upon conflicting ideologies and constitutional issues is further elaborated in *For Cause & Comrades*. In what is the most exhaustive analysis yet of Civil War causation, McPherson's "findings and interpretations. . . rest on [his] reading of letters and diaries in 574 manuscript collections in 22 research libraries and in private possession, plus diaries or sets of letters that were edited and published in 214 books and 403 periodical articles. . ." All together, some "25,000 to 30,000 letters helped build up the composite portrait of Civil War soldiers" presented in *For Cause & Comrades*. (p. 183)

The origins of this particular book go back to a visit undertaken by Prof. McPherson with a history class to the Gettysburg battlefield in 1976. Remembering Pickett's charge of 13,000 Confederate soldiers "under artillery and then rifle fire almost every step of the way," the question arose as to why. "What made these men do it?" (p. 3)

While defense of home, family and personal honor and religion all played parts in men's motivation on

both sides, his chapter 8 on "The Cause of Liberty" is most instructive because it is the most obscured aspect of the Confederate cause. To quote McPherson, "The profound irony of the Civil War was that, like Davis and Lincoln, Confederate and Union soldiers interpreted the heritage of 1776 in opposite ways. Confederates professed to fight for liberty and independence from a tyrannical government. . ."(p. 104)

"The rhetoric of liberty that had permeated the letters of Confederate volunteers in 1861 grew even stronger as the war progressed. A corporal in the 9th Alabama celebrated his twentieth birthday in 1862 by writing proudly in his diary that 'I am engaged in the glorious cause of liberty and justice, fighting for all that we of the South hold dear.'

"The lieutenant colonel of the 10th Tennessee declared in May 1862 that 'my whole heart is in the cause of the Confederacy, because I believe that the perpetuity of Republican principles on this Continent depends upon our success.'

From the diary of a Missouri Confederate, the words 'fighting gloriously for the undying principles of Constitutional liberty and self government' are to be found. (pp. 105, 106)

In 1863, a Confederate officer wrote the following to his wife: "I am sick of war [and] the separation from the dearest objects of life." Yet, "were the contest again just commenced I would willingly undergo it again for the sake of. . .our country's independence and liberty." (p. 13)

While the defense of slavery was avowed by some Confederates, "most Southerner volunteers believed they were fighting for liberty as well as slavery." (pp. 19, 20) "Southern recruits waxed most eloquent about their intention to fight against slavery than for it. . .that is, against their own enslavement by the North."

As one South Carolinian put it, "Sooner than submit to Northern slavery, I prefer death." (p. 21)

"If we should suffer ourselves to be subjugated by the tyrannical gov-



ernment of the North, our property will be confiscated [sic]. . . & our people reduced to the most abject bondage & utter degradation." Thus, this Virginia private continued, "every Southern heart" must 'respond to the language of the great Patrick Henry in the days of '76 & say give me Liberty or give me death.' (ibid.)

In quantifying Southern opinion on the Civil War, McPherson concludes as follows: "It would be wrong, however, to assume that Confederate soldiers were constantly preoccupied with this matter [slavery]. In fact, only 20 percent of the sample of 429 soldiers explicitly voiced proslavery convictions in their letters or diaries." (p.110) Moreover, "Patriotic and ideological convictions were an essential part of the sustaining motivation of Civil War soldiers." (p. 114)

Several other points deserve mention here. The first is that "Nonslaveholding farmers are underrepresented in the Confederate sample." (p. ix) Also, "More than 90 percent of white Union soldiers and more than 80 percent of Confederate soldiers were literate. . ."(p. 11) Finally, "There is less emphasis on these [social-class] tensions than in recent scholarship." While anti-Confederate sentiment was expressed, McPherson

notes, "The soldiers who felt this way furnished a disproportionate number of deserters and skulkers. . .according to the letters of highly motivated volunteers." (pp. 102-103) In other words, Prof. Fred A. Bailey's study, *Class and Tennessee's Confederate Generation* (Chapel Hill: UNC, 1987) overstates the matter of social tensions within the Confederacy. (p. 211n) To his conclusion that "few Tennesseans were conscious of the major issues of the Civil War, and fewer still had any concept of the South's goals" (p. 91), McPherson argues to the contrary: "Research in the letters and diaries of Civil War soldiers will soon lead the attentive historian to a contrary conclusion. Ideological motifs almost leap from many pages of these documents." (p. 91) (Prof. Bailey, it should be noted, is also a critic of Frank L. Owsley and his plain folk thesis.)

In conclusion, we come to a most perplexing question. If the South was right all along in secession and in its historical interpretation of early American history, and if it was the North that changed, why do Americans and most scholars believe otherwise? Suffice it to say for now that American and Southern history were rewritten by Northerners (and some Southerners) to give us the consensus view that still predominates today. To Prof. McPherson great credit is due for challenging long-accepted myths about the South, the North, and the Civil War. Every one, Southerner or Northerner, Confederate or Yankee, or neither, needs to buy *For Cause & Comrades* (and McPherson's other books if they can afford it). There was more to the South than slavery and race after all and to understand the Civil War one needs to look above rather than below the Mason-Dixon line. ☀

W. Kirk Wood is Professor of History at Alabama State University in Montgomery. He is currently at work on a new history of Nullification and its constitutionality.

A CURMUDGEON'S LOVE STORY

By Ted Roberts

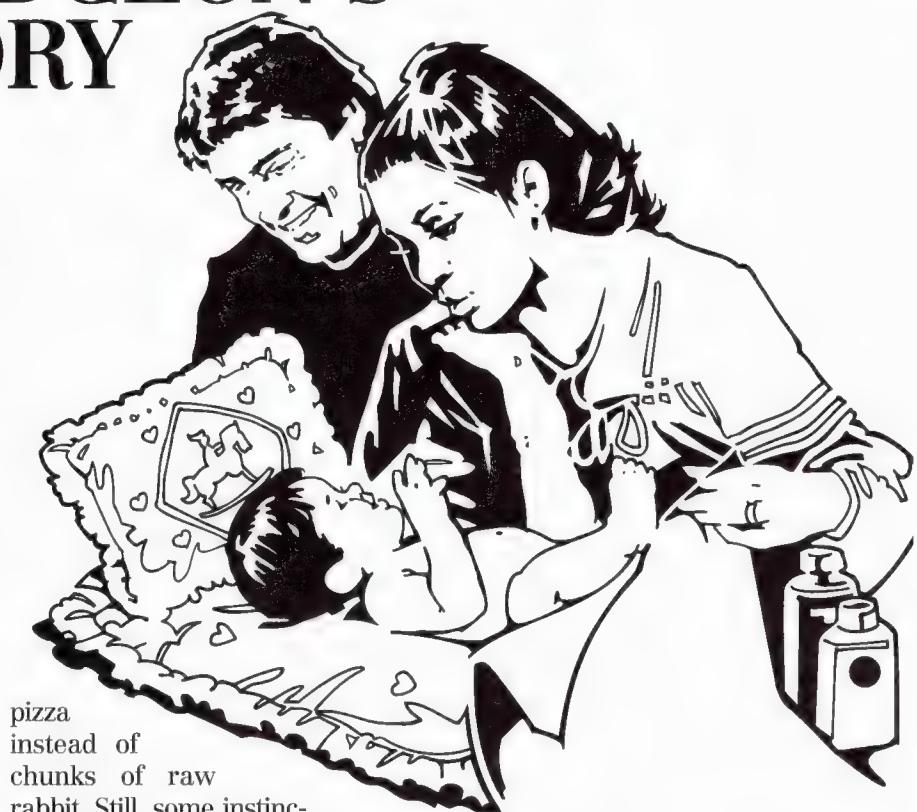
A prospective father knows we live in tough times for kids when the cover of a leading ladies magazine says, "A Better Butt Starts Here p.36." Inside, in addition to slimming techniques for chic buns (a passport to happiness if there ever was one) is the usual article touting love as the best childrearing elixir since milk—a popular nostrum in today's media. I hope my young daughter missed the issue.

Today's cultural tides are as ominous as El Nino. For all the ritual adoration of "the kids" by politicians and burger salesmen, the '90s are a tender trap for youngsters. Their maturation into wholesome adults—a planetary requirement like sun and rain—is chancy. Therefore, we Southerners who putatively still cling to a set of archaic virtues, should be out front in the van.

I have three kids and not one of them, so far, has been featured as a dizzy, dysfunctional guest on a TV talk show. And all three roam the land unconfined by metal bars or electronic sensors. And they cherish their parents as we cherish them. So, from a successful contrarian here's a blueprint that worked for me.

MY FIRST PRECEPT—you'll hate it—is *domination*. Parents must dominate children. When it comes to puppies, dog trainers recommend that you forcibly place the young animal on his back twice a day for a week. The dog rebels. He wiggles. But he's only a 5-pound pup, so you can restrain him in that vulnerable position. Eventually, he admits your dominance and accepts your commands.

No, I don't suggest we roll our kids on their backs, but the analogy is appropriate because your child shares the pup's savage heritage even though he walks upright and most of his body is free of hair and he loves



pizza instead of chunks of raw rabbit. Still, some instinctive sensor deep within him is feverishly searching for his exact location on the ascendancy scale. He needs to know that you outrank him, because over the years he or she will come to you with one disastrous desire after another. You'll need all the authority you can muster to detour him off the road that runs over the cliff.

RULE 2: don't promiscuously use the word "love" as recommended by our cotton candy culture. All flowers need rain, but only weeds welcome a daily soaking. How much vomitus advice has assaulted us from the written page and our TV screen—about love; an overused word for a rare and fleeting emotion. The counsel is always the same. Give your kids lots of it—kiss 'em, hug 'em—pronounce it hourly like stock quotes on the business channel. Silly. I want my kids to respect me first—endearment will follow. Mush is no substitute for a well-balanced diet. So lay off the declarations of devotion.

And who goes around in a funk of fondness over their kids? To declare it

without feeling is dishonest. I submit it's wiser to tell your kids every leap year, rather than daily, that you revere and worship them. And if you can only manage it once in a lifetime—the deathbed is the perfect occasion. (Consider though, you must die young enough so that your passionate communication will do the child some good. Don't wait 'til you're 90 and he's 70. Of course, if you save it all up for this one emotional splurge and he doesn't show up for the big scene because he thinks you hate him—you're gonna feel awful bad.)

And here's some more unorthodox advice: Never run from a fight. You're bigger and wiser than your youthful antagonist. (Remember that puppy.) You should win every war unless you were a poor planner and conceived two or three in a clump; in which case the pack understands that they can sap your strength and pull you down like wild dogs fell a lioness. They also know you hate conflict in the home and will pay any price for peace. So instead of spending your

days in debate, declare yourself the judge – not the defendant. Or better yet, don't call court four times a day. "That's non-debatable" is the most salubrious statement a parent can utter. It confers immediate peace. Your family is an authoritarian social organization, which like those of its mammalian cousins, is dedicated to the rearing of wholesome young. It has one head lion, you. It ain't the UN.

Don't be afraid to stand like a dam blocking the flow of childish desires. Don't be afraid of losing their love. Actually, it's much more important that you love them than vice versa. They'll never fully reciprocate, anyhow. The primary flow of this rare and elusive emotion goes down, not up. That's nature's way of preserving the species. An 18th Century memoirist, Gluckel of Hameln (and with a name like Gluckel you know she's gotta be good) who seems to have understood these mysteries before Doctors Freud and Spock, tells us a fable. She talks of a father eagle who must ferry his brood over a wide sea to a new nest. Four fledglings depend on him—four perilous trips. He fights a head wind, his wings grow weak, and there's far to go. "Do you love me?" asks the eagle of his first charge, "and will you promise to repay me for this?"

"Yes, I swear," pipes the child.

The father knows a lie when he hears one. He drops his burden into the sea. Same story with eaglet two and three. But number four gives the universally honest answer for offspring of every breed. "Father," he says, "I can only promise that when I have my own children, I shall do as much for them as you have done for me." The weary father knew the truth when he heard it, so he fought the wind and his fatigue. He delivered his child and the father of his grandchildren safely to the shore. There's a lot of wisdom in that parable. The debt will be paid in full, but only to your grandchildren.

And remember that Mother Nature is immune to bribery. Malls full of Godiva chocolates, toys, trikes, bikes, VCRs, and designer dresses won't help. Santa Claus—an overgen-

erous guy—must have been a terrible parent. We've heard all about his reindeer, but not one word about his kids. I suspect they're all in jail or rehab. So go easy on trinkets.

Eventually, believe it or not, kids appreciate discipline more than material gifts. In a strange way it's your insignia of parental love. Sooner or later they understand. Better than hugs, it speaks worlds about your feelings for them.

Above all, console yourself as you wage your crusade, that someday your former sweet antagonist—now a parent herself—will pull up a chair at the kitchen table. "Pop," she'll say, "what am I gonna do with that kid? You and I had a great relationship—how'd you manage it?"

Just sip your coffee, look thoughtful, and tell her about Gluckel of Hameln; and the training of puppies. ♦

Ted Roberts is our resident humorist of life in the South.



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Best Little Stories from the Civil War

by C. Brian Kelly.
Cumberland House, Nashville, 1998,
331 pages, \$14.95.

In these pages the author has compiled a large selection of human interest stories gleaned from actual occurrences in the War Between the States. The reader meets the known and many little known people who were involved in the war. Civilians, soldiers and politicians each played momentous roles in the midst of great sacrifice, pain and even death. The author includes many historical incidents from the North and the South.

The reader will learn of the panic stricken soldiers' flight at the Battle of First Manassas as well as the impoverished soldiers and civilians who suffered under Grant's siege at Petersburg. Mr. Kelly has included humorous anecdotes as well as nuggets that recall the pain of that era.

Drawn from the author's vast reading of historical accounts, the stories are arranged in a broadly chronological fashion. The reader, with little knowledge of the War, will find much of interest in these pages. Most likely, the well-acquainted reader will be introduced to new perspectives on the War or be reminded of long forgotten facts.

Although this volume was originally printed in 1994, it is good to see this reprint available. The wide variety of stories should appeal to numerous readers who are attracted to a study of the War for a variety of reasons.

—Byron Snapp

Liberty (Television)

KTCA-TV (PBS) with Middlemarch Films, 1997, 360 minutes.

Southerners are tired of defending the South against the accusation that we only fought the War between the States to defend slavery. Now we have another lie to face: a major PBS documentary has accused the South of fighting the Revolutionary War to—you guessed it—preserve slavery.

When the British invaded the South in 1779, they encouraged slaves to run away from their masters by promising them their freedom when they reached the British lines. According to episode five of *Liberty*, a six hour series, this threat to the institution of slavery was the key factor that drove Southerners to fight the British: "In a great irony, the retention of the slave system becomes a significant objective of the revolution in the South. So we have a revolution in behalf of freedom and independence, and part of that freedom and independence is the maintenance of the slave system."

The authors of this documentary didn't notice that this argument was illogical. If Southerners had been so fearful of losing their slaves, the logical response would have been to surrender to the British. The British policy was purely a war tactic; they had no intention of abolishing slavery. They would have been glad to pacify the South by promising to preserve slavery.

Preserving slavery, however, was "a significant objective" of the Southern war effort. But the other objectives, according to PBS, were just as reprehensible.

PBS claimed that many Southerners—the wealthy ruling class—fought the British to preserve their own power and keep the poor prostrate under their boots. During the war in the South, the British received massive support from "poor Scots-Irish" who had recently settled the back country and "had been treated with contempt by the established, well-to-do gentry." PBS presented an obnoxious Southern aristocrat who sneered at the Scots-Irish as creatures "one step removed from the brutes" and then showed a contemporary drawing of Scots-Irish, some of whom definitely looked sub human.

Loyalists were common in the South; they were common all over America. But the middle colonies were the areas most infested with Loyalists; many of the Loyalist troops used in the Southern campaigns were

imported from New York and New Jersey. Don Higginbotham, America's foremost military historian of the war, has complained that historians have consistently overestimated the number of Loyalists in the South. Dr. Higginbotham appeared in other series episodes, but not in this one.

Contrary to the PBS's suggestion, the mass of Scots-Irish were not Loyalists. Some were Loyalists, many were not. The famous patriot partisan leader, Andrew Pickens, was Scots-Irish, as were most of the mountain men who earned the great American victory at King's Mountain. And these were frontiersmen who had no connection with trade laws or Navigation Acts; they were fighting for an ideal. As historian Lucien Agniel has said: "It is remarkable that from this society men emerged to fight fanatically for such abstractions as the right of men to be taxed only by their elected representatives."

Neither Pickens nor King's Mountain were mentioned in the episode.

Another motivation for Southerners fighting in this war, PBS suggested, was a sheer love of carnage and a desire to pay back old scores. A sizable chunk of the episode described the atrocities committed by Southerners on both sides of the war. British atrocities, like the massacre of surrendering troops that gained Banastre Tarleton the nickname "bloody" Tarleton, were not mentioned. Neither were the patriots who deplored all these atrocities.

One of those was Francis Marion, the famous Swamp Fox—but Marion never appeared in this documentary. It's easy to see why. Not only did he try to adhere scrupulously to the rules of war, he often used black soldiers. How inconvenient for the PBS version of the war in the South.

The absence of Marion—and Pickens and King's Mountain and Cowpens—illustrates the bizarre selectivity of this episode. How could anyone produce a documentary about the war in the South that never dis-

cussed what happened in a single battle except Yorktown?

The answer is obvious. Other episodes in the series described battles, but with the war in the South, PBS obviously wanted to focus on another theme: impugning Southern motives.

There was time in this episode for a jocular letter from Lafayette about his wife's crush on George Washington (and Washington's reply), but no time for a description of the battle of Cowpens, one of the three greatest American victories in the war.

Who won the war in the South, according to PBS? Not the Southern partisan bands, or the Virginian Daniel Morgan, the hero of Cowpens; it was Nathaniel Greene, a Yankee. The Southerners, PBS strongly implied, were just murdering each other; it took a Yankee to pursue a coherent strategy to win the war. Since no other military leader in the South is ever mentioned by name, most viewers would buy this version.

My local PBS station repeated this documentary during its fund raising drive. They claimed that PBS deserved your money because it produced quality programming that commercial networks would never attempt. This documentary exploded that assertion; within the past two years, A&E produced a much better multi-part documentary on the war—including a wonderful depiction of Morgan's great victory at Cowpens.

—Richard Shoaf

A Romance of Happy Valley and The Girl Who Stayed at Home (Video)

D.W. Griffith, Critics Choice, P.O. Box 749, Itasca, Illinois 60143-0749, \$19.95.

Southern director D.W. Griffith's most famous films are fairly easy to locate, but his less well-known ones, including some of the most personal, are hard to find. Then, the print quality is often poor. Two rare Southern themed titles recently cropped up from a reliable dealer, Critics Choice.

A Romance of Happy Valley (1919) was the first of several films he made before more heralded efforts that reflected his rural Kentucky background. It was lost for decades until a print turned up in a Russian archive in the sixties.

Griffith's standard autobiographical figure is a boy who leaves the farm to make it in the big city. Here, it's Robert Harron.

The lad's plans horrify his parents. Since everything in Happy Valley revolves around church, they have the whole congregation pray for him. Harron accepts religion, but he doesn't see anything wrong with his dream, so the realization that the congregation is praying for him surprises him. I suspect his reaction reflects Griffith's own attitude towards his family and friends when they learned he was going on the wicked stage.

Harron goes to New York for seven years, despite his promise to girlfriend Lillian Gish that it will take a year to fulfill his dream, to invent a toy frog that swims.

Harron's parents fall on hard times and are to be evicted. Griffith cuts between this and Harron's last, successful experiments. It's almost a self caricature of his trademark race to the rescue.

Thematically, that should settle things. Everyone should then be reunited. Instead, Griffith unleashes not just a bank robber, but a "descendant of Judas Iscariot." It's Griffith on automatic pilot doing the sort of action sequence people expected from him.

Despite such goings on, there's not much pilot. The time seems to be present day 1919, but Griffith seems to be after an idealized, eternal rural world.

Modern times only seem to be suggested when Miss Gish considers a more modern dress design to keep Harron home. When her father objects, she settles for sprucing up her straw hat.

Later, she exchanges scarecrows with Harron's family so she can have his old clothes it's made of. She even pretends to marry it.

Not enough can ever be said about Miss Gish. In scene after scene, she shows that she is the most important figure in the development of screen acting.

Of all of Griffith's autobiographical characters, Harron's inventor has to be the most insignificant. Griffith was at his height, so maybe he could afford to frame his beginnings so lightly. Compared to making x-rays, perhaps Griffith thought that using film to amuse was as insignificant as inventing swimming frogs. As time passed, such characters' achievements became weightier as Griffith's own position became tenuous.

Right after *Romance*, he made *The Girl Who Stayed at Home* (1919). From the title, it would seem another rural tale, but it's not. It's his first return to the Confederacy since *The Birth of a Nation* (1915).

After Appomattox, a Confederate vows never to surrender. Instead, he goes to France, his father's home.

Decades later, he lives in his ancestral home with his daughter, Carol Dempster, whom Griffith would spend most of the twenties trying to mold into another Lillian Gish. Her boarding school friend and her family come to visit. Since they're from New York, it's implied that the old Confederate has changed some. Perhaps more revealing, he allows his daughter to engage in faddish Isadora Duncan dancing. She falls for her friend's brother, Richard Barthelmess.

Back in New York, we meet the other brother, Bobby Harron, now a cad with a "killing slouch." His girlfriend is Cutie Beautiful, played by Clarine Seymour. Since she proceeds to hijack the picture, Griffith may have decided he might as well make her the title character. Sad to say, she died the next year of a routine illness. Based on her few roles, she might have been the screen's leading flapper.

World War I breaks out. Since America, led by the two brothers, saves his estate, the Confederate decides the War Between the States is over.

The Girl Who Stayed at Home was made to use battle footage Griffith hadn't used in *Hearts of the World* (1918). That was practically a World War I retread of *The Birth*. As a Southerner, Griffith was aware of the unifying effects of the Great War, so the Confederate angle was a patriotic spin.

It zips along nicely, partly because it is the only time Griffith successfully dealt with the dawning of the Jazz Age, thanks largely to Miss Seymour. He touched on it not nearly as well in *Romance* with Miss Dempster who was entering private life as Miss Gish was leaving it.

Girl opened a few months after the Armistice. That must have forced Griffith to reshape it. It does reflect the beginnings of postwar disillusionment. The Americans actually arrive too late to save Miss Dempster. Instead, she is saved by a dying German who shoots a fellow officer in the back.

The print for *Romance* isn't as good, but the film is pure Griffith. He saw the film as a family album. It just wasn't supposed to get beat up, but like most family albums, it did. That doesn't detract from the charm.

In other hands, *A Romance of Happy Valley* would have played out like a medicine show skit, but Griffith's Kentucky background, along with his years of brainstorming in rustic dramas, enabled him to infuse it with a sense of place and life no one else could.

Thanks to video, *Romance* and his other rural films, such as *True Heart Susie*, are now readily available. In years to come, their reputation will rise among film scholars and Griffith will also be seen not just as the man who invented Hollywood, but the first Southern Agrarian director.

—Norman Stewart

To Kill a Mockingbird (Album)

Elmer Bernstein, Royal Scottish National Orchestra, 41 minutes, VSD 5754, Varese Sarabande, 11846 Ventura Blvd., Suite 130, Studio City, California 91604.

The screen version of *To Kill a Mockingbird* is now thirty-five, so there's a new "restored" video version, complete with a "making of" feature where everyone connected with it pats themselves on the back.

Small town childhood is depicted better in *The Human Comedy*. *Mockingbird's* race and trial storyline parallels John Ford's very personal and unaffected masterpiece *The Sun Shines Bright*. But what can't be questioned is that the best thing about it is Elmer Bernstein's classic score. He has just recorded it with the Royal Scottish National Symphony.

Mockingbird's director Robert Mulligan decided to limit music to scenes just involving the children. This current CD has a few brief cues for scenes about adults that were cut, but even then the children are observers or just off screen.

The orchestra is small with a reliance on simple flute and piano solos. The piano is most identified with the children. The approach to childhood is almost mystical. That's re-enforced by celeste, harp and vibraphone.

Now and then an accordion drifts in and out with a couple of notes. When I watched the movie again, this is what I most wanted to find out about. It represents the offscreen presence of the children's mysterious and misunderstood secret friend Boo Radley. Rumor is he is thrown in the courthouse basement for a time. A jailhouse harmonica would seem to be appropriate with that in mind, but that's lowdown and bluesy, not in keeping with his and the children's innocence. The harmonica's big brother, the accordion, is more appropriate. It provides a similar effect without the mouth organ's disreputable image. Later on, Boo turns out to be the only adult with his own well developed theme. Of course, he is really a part of the children's world.

The villain Bob Ewell also has a theme, but that's because he crosses over from the adult world to invade the children's.

Bernstein started as an arranger

for Armed Forces Radio and the Glenn Miller Air Corps Band. He established himself professionally with jazz scores using small groups. Combined with his love for Americana, I think he was able to do such an uncomplicated and effective score as this instead of taking a conventional approach with one that pretentiously announced itself as significant and "True to Heart."

The main title doesn't just get your attention away from the popcorn, it draws you into the picture as well as any in screen history. Music and visuals are perfectly matched. It introduces the major musical ideas. Bernstein has some unlikely help, or competition, from the sound of a kid playing with his cigar box treasures. Of course, that doesn't lend itself to commercial recording, so it's not here. Bernstein's name appears when the camera settles on a whistle.

The music starts with a lovely piano phrase that turns out to be almost a prelude when there's a long pause. In the movie the child is muttering to himself, so there the audio break is more or less filled. Here, that break is a surprise. The children's theme is introduced as a flute solo and then swells up in the strings before returning to the quiet piano.

The children's adventures mostly revolve around the Radley house. Things are punched up by all sorts of creepy tricks, but nothing is really serious. Despite all the Radley tales, it's all a game to them. Boo's theme is suggested, but not developed until the end.

The last two cues when Boo is identified as the children's savior and then is walked home by Scout, the narrator, brings out the themes in all their glory. It might be fall, but there's still honeysuckle and wisteria in the air. Even if you didn't know what it was written for, I think a first time listener would get the picture. Bernstein does all this without once resorting to Southern cliches. I suspect that this score will be what is best remembered about this picture decades from now.

—Norman Stewart

DEVOUTLY SPEAKING

BY ROBERT HILDRUP

The headline in a recent edition of the *London Sunday Telegraph* was in what we old newspapermen used to call "Second Coming" type, the size reserved for events one doesn't expect to see just any millennium. The headline read:

"GOD'S BEEN BANNED IN ALABAMA"

The *Telegraph*, normally a fairly staid newspaper, at least by English standards, seemed honestly puzzled by the fuss as if the hillbilly Colonials were just looking for something to fight about. The puzzlement is understandable, I guess, in a country with a state religion, even if no one pays any attention to it anymore.

Which is precisely the point. Most Americans, and certainly most Southerners, don't want a state religion. And they most certainly don't want that state religion to be atheism, which seems to be the goal of the federal courts and the American Civil Liberties Union in the Alabama affairs and elsewhere.

At issue, as most by now know, is the attempt by the Feds and their bed partners, the ACLU, to protect those attending Alabama courts from the nefarious influence of the Ten Commandments which a recalcitrant judge insists on keeping on the wall—that, and a caustic cleansing of all public properties—schools particularly—of any semblance of Scripture reading, Christmas pageants or the like.

Yet it is not just the English press that doesn't understand. I'm not sure many in the South do either, because Southerners see this in different ways, from the main line Protestant liberals, who side with the Feds as if ashamed of historic beliefs and

practices, to those evangelicals and fundamentalists who see nothing wrong with proselytizing on public property to captive audiences.

The truth is that many in the anti-federal crowd have made the issue more contentious by misrepresenting it. Prayer has not been taken from the schools, not even public prayer, as is shown when students gather voluntarily. Bible reading has not been outlawed by any court of which I know. I have never been in a public school that did not have copies of Bibles freely available in the library.

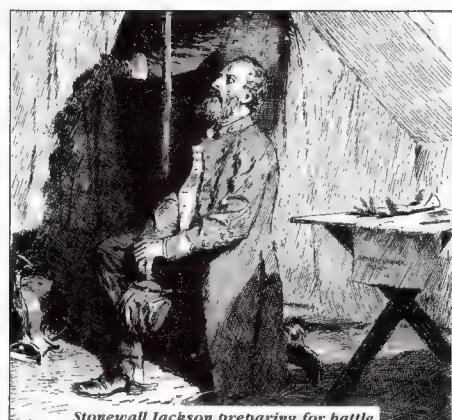
In fact, the Supreme Court decision of 1963, which outlawed school sponsored religious services, went out of its way to point out that the academic study of religion and its role in history and culture was not proscribed. The fact that so many Southern schools do a miserable job of teaching the role of faith and religion in the history, culture and literature of the nation is not the Supreme Court's fault.

It has always seemed more than a little strange, therefore, that so many of those who criticize (rightly) the poor teaching in our schools are the same ones who want students held captive for prayer and Bible readings.

A federal court system committed to the creation of atheism as a secular reli-



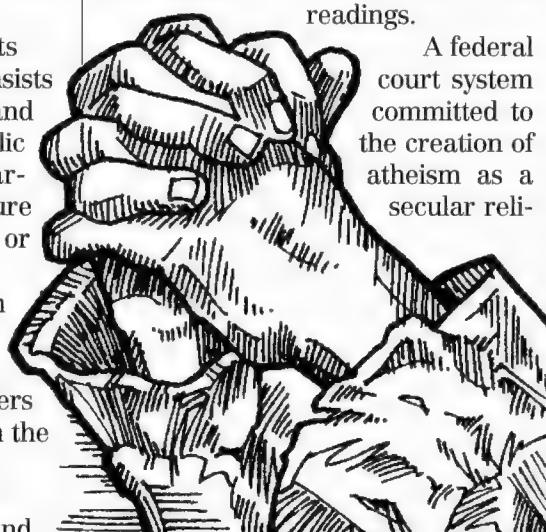
General Lee at soldiers' prayer-meeting



Stonewall Jackson preparing for battle

gion is, and should be, as detestable to Southerners as previous federal usurpations, and in that sense we look forward to network television coverage of federal marshals snatching creches from courthouse lawns or commandments from courthouse walls. Nothing could do more for the defense of freedom. Perhaps the National Guard will be federalized to stand guard while school choirs sing historic songs from the nation's religious heritage, and to tote the tots away for such a violation.

The indoctrination of children with sectarian religious instruction and belief is a role for churches and parents, not the schools. Most Southerners understand and, I believe, support this. But the federal foolishness in Alabama, and elsewhere, will not endure. This "Reconstruction" will not succeed anymore than the other one. We've been through it all before. ♦



Robert Hilldrup hails from Short Pump, Virginia.

SOUTHERN Motor Sports

BY BILL LAMKIN

The Fiftieth Anniversary season of the South's greatest contribution to national culture is in the books. 1998 was an exhilarating and boring season. Were it not for some absolute principles of Victory, this season would have been more fantastic. There were four multiple winners (Bobby Labonte, Jeff Gordon, Dale Jarrett, and Mark Martin) who took 25 of the 33 checkered flags. That's great. But we need some variety among the winners. A few teams with all the advantages causes the other teams to look like they are in the minor league.

The first absolute: don't ever bet against a champion. Of the 33 races, 13 were dominated by one man and his team. The Rainbow Warriors. But, even more impressive is that in the last 15 races Gordon and Co. won 9 (60 percent—that is an amazing batting average). Let's face it: they are awesome: they work hard, study, practice and look for every corner that they may trim in order to make the more perfect race team. I do think that Jeff Gordon can be the next Dale Earnhardt. He is young, victorious, and people either love him or hate him—just like when Dale was young and victorious.

The second absolute: Don't call Dale Earnhardt a quitter. Dale came out of the gate strong with his first win in the Daytona 500, after which he struggled to get into the top 10 in points, then his new crew chief was let go and the tone of the Intimidator's season began to turn towards a more hard-charging Dale of old. In the second Daytona race Dale looked as if he could have won had the race been 20 laps longer. In 1999, Dale Earnhardt may once again look like the Dale who won the

1994 championship. I do believe that Dale Earnhardt is looking more like the Intimidator of old when Kirk Shelmerdine was his crew chief. You remember those days. Number three hardly needed to run a practice lap in order to set up his car for victory.

Mark Martin won seven races in a valiant attempt to win the Winston Cup Championship. We will see more of Martin in 1999. He may win the championship with a solid margin of victory next year. Dale Jarrett won three races with a solid team. Ricky Rudd continued his 16-year win streak with a win at Martinsville, Virginia. The Labonte brothers continued to show that they are a force to contend with, while the Burton brothers continued to hone their skills for a long, successful future in NASCAR Winston Cup Racing. Jeff Burton won one race at New Hampshire and older brother Ward was scrapping and scraping his way toward the top.

In the preseason, I made some predictions that need to be looked at once again. Dale Earnhardt did win the Daytona 500. Ward Burton, however, did not win one. In 1999 look for new colors on the Burton hood. He will be driving the Caterpillar Pontiac for Bill Davis Racing. In 1998 we saw Ward Burton get a new crew chief and there was a noticeable change in the attitude of the team late in the season. Look out in '99. Michael Waltrip is still winless. In 1999 he will switch to the Phillips Communications Ford. Several years for Wood Brothers did not ever produce a victory. Maybe 1999 will be his year for a victory. It couldn't happen to a nicer guy. In an overly optimistic reach, I predicted that Kyle Petty will return to victory lane. He may not be there again for many years. However, he could have a very

promising career in the broadcast booth. And, I predicted a retirement party for Darrell Waltrip. Not yet! He is still fighting and looked impressive in the latter days of the 1998 season.



DALE EARNHARDT

So, what do we learn from the 1998 season? 1. Winston Cup racing is tough and exciting. 2. Winners win and will continue to win. 3. The road to victory lane is paved with hard work. What do we look forward to in 1999? Mark Martin on fire, Jeff Gordon at the top, Ward Burton in victory lane, Bobby Labonte winning more races in a bid for the 1999 cup, and another season of multiple winners unless NASCAR loosens its restrictions for the teams. It appears that there is a push from the powers-that-be for the "good-ole boys" to be more polished and look a lot slicker. This comes through in the racing. It is rare to see a race end with the victor's hood and quarter panels crumpled because of the fighting in the pack to reach the finish line. The cars are pretty. But, NASCAR needs to let them cut loose and fight it out. Then we will see a return to the hard-charging days of old. Don't you miss the days of the Alabama gang fighting (literally) to the finish? ♦

Bill Lamkin is pastor of Linden Presbyterian Church in Linden, Alabama.

TURNER KIRKLAND: Black Powder Revolutionary

BY JIM MCCAFFERTY

"People are hungry," a lady told me almost ten years ago, "for things they can't buy at K-Mart." That, perhaps, explains the remarkable successes of Turner Kirkland, late of Union City, Tennessee.

Few would dispute that Kirkland is the father of modern day muzzle-loading. There was, to be sure, interest in target shooting and hunting with muzzle-loaders before Kirkland came along. For the most part, though, pioneer Black Powder enthusiasts shot original, antique firearms, virtually the only muzzle-loaders then available other than custom-made guns. Today, over 65 years later, virtually any outdoor supply catalog offers a full range of quality, replica muzzle-loading firearms. All that came about, in large part, because of Turner Kirkland.

Born in depression-era Tennessee, Kirkland "bought my first gun (a Colt 1849 pocket model cap and ball pistol)," he told me, "for 75 cents in 1931. I was eleven years old and it was completely inoperable." Nonetheless, "it was almost a constant companion. It was a lot of fun and the closest thing to shooting a muzzle-loader I had ever known."

Before long, Kirkland began buying serviceable muzzle-loading firearms and shooting them. He especially enjoyed quail hunting an old Belgian-made double shotgun. "I can remember walking through waist-high brush, stepping amidst a wild, flushing covey," he wrote some years back. "The double would roar and a cumulus-sized cloud of Black Powder smoke would obscure everything from sight and I would quickly drop down to look beneath the smoke to see if I had gotten anything."

Throughout his teen years, Mr. Turner added to his collection, paying what he says were, by today's standards, insignificant prices for a variety of antique guns. "By the time I was 18 and ready to go to college, I had a hundred."

Turner Kirkland returned home after World War II and began buying and trading guns by mail. By 1954, he was making more money from his gun trading than from his regular job as a traveling jewelry salesman. In April of that year, he quit his job, and with "a three-year-old Pontiac automobile worth about \$400, \$100 in the bank and in my pocket, and \$2000 worth of guns and gun parts" started Dixie Gun Works in an old garage.

About that same time, Kirkland's acute business sense and almost extrasensory awareness of the wants of muzzle-loading shooters led him from Union City, Tennessee, to Europe. With a handful of antique rifle parts and just enough money for a plane ticket and a few nights lodging, he set out for Liege, Belgium. There, he and a Mr. Barthings, of the Dumoulin gun factory, began designing what would become the first machine-manufactured reproduction muzzle-loader: a .40 caliber percussion lock Tennessee Mountain-style gun Mr. Turner dubbed the Dixie Squirrel Rifle. The first models arrived in late 1955, and the shooting public began snapping them up at \$79.50 a copy. At last Black Powder shooters had access to relatively inexpensive, modern made, quality muzzle-loading firearms.

The revolution was on. Other gun dealers followed Kirkland's lead, and an array of reproduction guns followed, from Henry repeating rifles, to General Beauregard's favorite, the LeMat revolver. It's arguable that the many special muzzle-loading hunting seasons held annually across the country are the direct result of the interest sparked by Turner Kirkland's Dixie Squirrel Rifle.

It wasn't long before "Mr. Turner" outgrew his garage armory and graduated into a 6,000 square foot building designed specifically for the needs of Dixie Gun Works. Business continued to get better and better. There were never any hard times, never any

doubts about Dixie Gun Works' continued success. "It was just fun," Mr. Turner liked to say.

Kirkland died in 1997 at the age of 76. Dixie Gun Works, remains, though, as his living monument. Customers, pilgrims, really, come from all over the nation to browse Dixie's 66,000 square foot [one acre] headquarters filled with just about everything any muzzleloading enthusiast could want. For the War Between the States buff, there are Springfield musket replicas, cavalry saddles, tents, and canteens; for the pustular, there are reproductions of just about every famous style, from the little Ethan Allen "pepperbox," to the mammoth Walker Colt. For the serious antique collector, Dixie carries an inventory of weapons worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. For those more interested in serviceable hunting pieces than collectibles, Dixie stocks high quality, reasonably priced blackpowder rifles and shotguns.

Despite the endless stream of persons through its doors, Dixie remains primarily a mail-order operation, publishing a near 600-page catalog once called the best in the world by *Sports Afield*. Of course, that was before *Sports Afield* went yuppie. In Dixie's catalog are all the items you'll find on Dixie's shelves, plus reams of information on everything from black-powder rifle and shotgun loads to instructions on safely firing a muzzle-loading cannon [which you can also buy from Dixie]. The catalog is available for \$5.00 (US) or \$8.50 C.O.D., from P.O. Box 130, Gunpowder Lane, Union City, Tennessee 38261; (901) 885-0561. If you like, browse portions of the catalog at: <http://dixiegun.com/brochure/brochure.htm>.

Of course, today you can buy reproduction muzzle-loaders at K-Mart. But what self-respecting *Southern Partisan* would want to so long as Turner Kirkland's Dixie Gun Works endures? ♦

The great news for Partisan readers as we ring in 1999 is the growing number of terrific reprints of Southern classics.

One of the best of the new crop is

Jefferson Davis: His Rise and Fall

by Allen Tate, J.S. Sanders and Company, 293 pages, \$15.95.

This is a brilliant, provocative, aphoristic book. Allen Tate hails Jefferson Davis as a worthy man, but damns him as a leader, unsuited to the task to which he was called. Davis, in Tate's view, succeeded too easily in his early career as a planter (in which he inherited success) and in politics. With his highly theoretical intellect, success stamped Davis with a "peculiarly inflexible mind." He thought that disagreement meant insult. "A man who had served a full political apprenticeship could never have fallen into such an error. But the studious, neurotic egoist, poring over his books, had that pride of intellect that feeds on the smallness of its affairs with men."

But if Davis was unable to grasp that men "sometimes act reasonably, but almost never logically," he was not alone. Few Southern leaders understood, in Tate's words, "the weakness of the Southern faith in mere political action – its futility against the extra-legal procedure of the North, whose most clamorous and radical leaders were driven by irrational, fixed ideas that recognized no Constitutional authority whatever."

When war came, Southern politicians, Confederate Vice President Alexander Stephens chief among them, were equally myopic in their over zealous protection of states' rights and their paranoid suspicion of Davis's supposed autocratic desires. When Davis sought a temporary suspension of *habeas corpus* to enforce conscription, Stephens wailed that

there's nothing that has given me half so much concern lately as these...military orders and usurpations. Not even the fall of New Orleans...Better in my judgement that Richmond should fall...than that our people should submissively yield obedience...[It is the principle involved.]

The irony, as Tate makes clear, is that Davis was in fact the most virtuous of politicians. He never deigned to demagogue. He knew the Constitution and the Constitutional debates by heart. He was loyal to his subordinates, and though trained and experienced as a soldier and former secretary of war, restrained himself from constant interference with his generals. Politically, he held as unwaveringly to principle as anyone.

But this was also his tragedy. While Tate dismisses Stephens and others as short-sighted pedants who were lukewarm Confederates in any event, he hails the radical fire-eaters of the lower South—the men who initiated the secession—as the true leaders of the struggle. As Tate notes: "All Davis's thoughts ran on a plane considerably higher than the reality of human conduct He was very much the saint in politics. While the fire-eaters were motivated by a single and powerful desire to be rid of the United States at any price, and were thus not so much vindicating an idea as asserting a desire, Davis was always the American standing on the principle of local self-government."

That principle, that theory, was insufficient to fight a war, and, in Tate's view, was no substitute for revolutionary ardor. He wishes that Stephens and his fellow constitutional finicks had been swept aside. What the South needed, says Tate, was a Napoleon, not constitutional lawyers. "The need of the hour was a revolutionary leader who would call the people to arms, trample on law and government, and conduct a people's war."

If Tate's prescription is manifestly, ferociously wrong, his diagnosis is nevertheless astute. "The issue was class rule and religion *versus* democ-

racy and science." The war, he says, cannot be understood by viewing it solely through the prism of American history. Its roots and its outcome run far deeper. "In a sense, all European history since the Reformation was concentrated in the war between the North and the South. For in the South the most conservative of the European orders had, with great power, come back to life, while the North, opposing the Southern feudalism, had grown to be a powerful industrial state which epitomized in spirit all those middle-class, urban impulses directed against agrarian aristocracies of Europe after the Reformation."

For insight like that, Tate's *Jefferson Davis* is a must-buy book.

Another essential for the *Partisan* library is the recently reissued

Lee: The Last Years

by Charles Bracelen Flood, A Mariner Book, Houghton Mifflin, 308 pages, \$14.00.

It is not the best biography of Lee—the chief rivals for that honor are the books by Douglas Southall Freeman, Clifford Dowdey, and Emory Thomas—but it is still a beautifully drawn and emotionally moving portrait. After the war, when Lee became the president of Washington College, what is now Washington and Lee University, it was a ramshackle, broken down school of meagre reputation, and of dismal prospects given the economic and physical devastation that had been visited on Virginia. But Lee's battlefield miracles were re-created, administratively, in his resurrection of the school. As Flood says, by "the time he died...Robert E. Lee was entitled to a position in the front rank of American educators, without reference to his military past."

His past, of course, was ever with him, and provided the edge so necessary to his kindly, thoughtful nature. When a woman showed him a tree in her yard that had been stripped of limbs and branches by Federal fire

during the war, she did not expect Lee's curt comment on her memento. "Cut it down, my dear Madam, and forget it," said the general, just as he once told a battlefield officer gazing mournfully at the dead to bury "these poor fellows" and think no more of it. The grimly important duty was to move on.

While Lee was tolerant, gentlemanly, and indulgent—in one charming anecdote, Flood relates how Lee remained seated during graduation ceremonies, contrary to protocol, in order not to disturb a five-year-old who had climbed into his lap and fallen asleep—his judgments were maritally quick, final, and sure.

In one instance, Lee received a student in his office to go over his disciplinary reports. The student had a wad of tobacco in his mouth. Lee ordered him to "Go out and remove that quid, and never appear before me again chewing tobacco." When the boy returned, the plug still in place, Lee wrote him a note. The young man was thereby immediately "dismissed from Washington College for disrespect to the President."

In his work of reclamation at the school, Lee showed his deep philosophical conservatism. His first major construction project was a chapel. He ordered that trees not be planted in rows, because "Nature never plants trees in rows." Sounding like Prince Charles on architecture, Lee noted that "A fence is a blot on any lawn. We must have a fence; but select a color which will render the fence as inconspicuous as possible; one that will harmonize with the surround colors." And of course, Lee had an abiding dislike for red tape, bureaucracy, and endless, pettifogging rules. There was but one rule at Washington College, and that was that its students be gentlemen—something that few, if any, schools would dare to ask of their students today.

Another classic back in print is . . .

Wearing of the Gray: Being Personal Portraits, Scenes, and Adventures of the War

by John Esten Cook, Louisiana State University Press, 572 pages, \$19.95.

Cooke is famous chiefly as one of Jeb Stuart's troubadours, though Stuart confessed to never liking him very much, perhaps because Cooke was, as Emory Thomas notes in his introduction, "much more a writer than he was a fighter." *Partisan* readers will want this handsome new paperback in any event for its pen portraits of the South's heroic cavalrymen—Hampton, Ashby, Mosby, among them—and for its celebrated set pieces of life in the Army of Northern Virginia. Cooke was one of the South's most successful *belletrists*, so we'll close here with a year-end round-up of *Partisan* novels reading by a winter's fireside.

First, and most important, 1998 marked the sixtieth anniversary of
The Unvanquished
by William Faulkner, Vintage Books, 304 pages, \$11.00.

This is Faulkner's most accessible and most *Partisan*-relevant novel. A boy's eye views of the Civil War and Reconstruction, it offers a compelling portrait of an Old South hero, the narrator's father Colonel Sartoris, and includes an unforgettable scene of newly freed slaves "coming up the road. It sounded like about fifty of them; we could hear the feet hurrying, and a kind of panting murmur. It was not singing exactly; it was not that loud. It was just a sound, a breathing, a kind of gasping, murmuring chant and the feet whispering fast in the deep dust." Their destination? "Hit's Jordan we coming to. . . Jesus gonter see me that far." *The Unvanquished* is, simply, a classic.

Another winner is . . .

Nashville 1864: The Dying of the Light

by Madison Jones, J.S. Sanders & Company, 129 pages, \$17.95.

This moving novel of one boy's experience of the war has already received *Partisan* praise from Tom Landess, and should have found its way into countless subscriber stockings at Christmas. If Santa missed you, go out and buy it now. For those who care about Southern letters, it is a minor gem that, with its boy narrator and its vivid scenes, puts one in mind of Faulkner's *The Unvanquished*.

An offering of an all together different temper is . . .

Stonewall

by John J. Dwyer, Broadman & Holman, 634 pages, \$14.95

A novel written from a Christian perspective, *Stonewall* put me to thinking—especially in this age of Clinton—about what it takes to lead a moral life. The British General Charles George Gordon used to disconcert people by staring at them with his pale blue, half-mad eyes and asking, "Do you know that God lives within you?" Similarly, I wonder whether all of us wouldn't be better off if we kept the memory of Stonewall Jackson living within us, snapping us to attention with his stern voice of conscience. The world is a dangerous place for souls, and as we make our way in it, we could do worse than take advice from a Christian soldier. *

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The Sobran

VIEW

BY JOSEPH SOBRAN

THE LIBERAL THEORY OF CAUSATION

Martin Luther King's "dream" has become America's nightmare. Ever since the Civil Rights movement began blaming white Americans for the sufferings of blacks, black crime—especially black-on-white crime—has exploded.

Whatever King and his ilk intended, black thugs across the country got the message that they could murder, rape and rob with some covert sympathy from black leaders and white liberals. It's high time the black leadership took responsibility for the Willie Hortons they have spawned.

If you buy this argument, you should have no trouble buying the argument that the Christian Right is responsible for the murder of Matthew Shepard, the young Wyoming homosexual who was tortured to death by a pair of particularly Christian toughs he met in a bar.

There must be a cliche factory between New York and Washington that specializes in tracing all evils to Christianity. Liberals usually sum up 2,000 years of Christianity in disparaging references and glib analogies to the Crusades, the Spanish Inquisition and the Salem witch trials. On top of this, for some years now we have been told (by the National Holocaust Museum, for example) that the gospels "led to" the mass murder of Jews under Hitler.

So when Shepard was killed, it took only a few moments for the liberal assembly line to put out the indictment: The Christian Right had given the killers a "license to hate."

Columnist Frank Rich of the *New*

York Times heaps blame on Gary Bauer of the Family Research Council, who says—"disingenuously," according to Rich—that his organization doesn't hate homosexuals and deplores violence against them. Rich doesn't explain how he knows that Bauer is disingenuous; he simply presumes bad motives in Christians. He explains that Bauer's group brands homosexuals as "subhuman," at which point "emboldened thugs take over." Cause and effect.

In the same vein, and on the same principle of causation, Richard Cohen of *The Washington Post* blames Bible-quoting Christian politicians—Trent Lott and Dick Armey, among others—for "legitimizing hate" by calling sodomy a sin. This, says Cohen, "dehumanizes" homosexuals. Such rhetoric has "robbed homosexuals of their humanity" and "sends a message to goons and others not given to great subtlety."

As spokesman for subtlety, Rich and Cohen leave something to be desired. Conservatives are fond of Richard Weaver's adage that "ideas have consequences," but Weaver was writing about ideas that slowly, over centuries, corrupt a culture. He didn't suggest that an idea published on Saturday would provoke a lynching by Tuesday.

Rich and Cohen ought to be aware that the idea that sodomy is sinful can be traced back further than the Family Research Council. We owe it to Moses, who claimed to have received it from a Higher Authority, and the sanctions imposed



on it were somewhat stiffer than anything the

Christian Right is suggesting. Like, fiery death.

According to the Bible, the people of Sodom weren't "subhuman"; they were willfully bad humans. There's a difference. You don't accuse subhuman creatures of sin, nor do you call them to repentance or offer them forgiveness.

But in the minds of 75-watt intellectuals like Rich and Cohen, Christians cause violence (even when they denounce it!) merely by expressing moral disapproval. Rich has even blamed Christians for protesting a play depicting their Savior as a sodomite.

The Liberal Theory of Causation (it deserves a name) owes little to Aristotle, Newton or Einstein. It's nothing more than emotional scapegoating: Whenever possible, blame Christians—or conservatives, or just white males.

During the early '80s when a serial killer murdered a score of black children in Atlanta, the liberals and civil rights leaders blamed it on the "climate of racism" somehow induced by Ronald Reagan. The killer was presumably a white racist Republican (if not a card-carrying member of the Moral Majority who espoused supply-side economics). This misguided suspicion served to protect the real killer, who turned out to be a charming young black man nobody mistrusted.

The Liberal Theory of Causation is actually designed to spray blame like skunk musk when something bad has already happened. It's totally useless for predicting future events.

THE NEW CONSTITUTION

The *New York Times* reports, for the benefit of those who haven't already noticed, that the Republican Party is "deeply splintered," unable to agree on a message. Four years after recapturing Congress, the "Republican revolution" lacks a revolutionary theme.

Here's one: How about restoring the U.S. Constitution in its full rigor—10th Amendment, states' rights and all?

Nah. That would be a little too revolutionary. "Can't be done," my Republican friends assure me whenever I spring my brainstorm on them. (Some of my best friends are Republicans.) "Can't be done" is the ancient Republican mantra. Only five years ago, Newt Gingrich heard that every time he suggested that the Republicans might capture both Houses of Congress from the Democrats.

A party that can't agree on much else should at least be able to agree on living by the Constitution. After all, everyone pretends to be honoring it now.

If the Constitution were taken seriously, as it was until the time of Franklin (Pack That Court) Roosevelt, the federal government would be prevented from growing automatically, and there would be no need for an-

al mud wrestling over the federal budget. Money could be appropriated only for the powers specifically delegated to Congress in Article I.

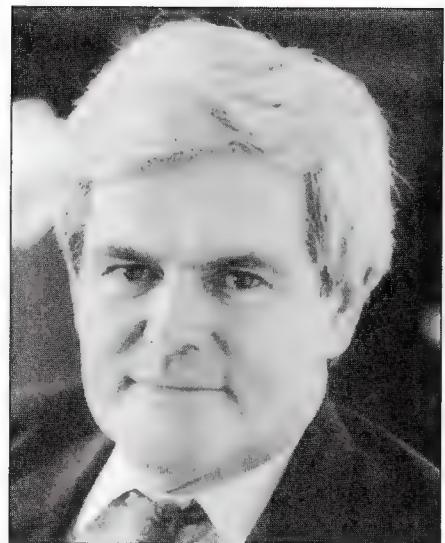
This proposal flies in the face of all recent jurisprudence, which agrees that the Constitution is a "living document" whose dead branches may be clipped off by the federal courts. This notion is actually deeply contemptuous of the written document—the one the Framers wrote, the people ratified, and nearly everyone respected until the New Deal.

"In order to have socialism we must have a new Constitution," a radical magazine observed early in the century. The Left recognized that the Constitution was a fatal obstacle to its designs for absolute government.

This problem was ultimately solved by stealth. The American Civil Liberties Union adopted the brilliant strategy of gradually imposing a false but socialist-friendly interpretation of the Constitution. This leftist interpretation appealed to "progressive" members of the court who favored centralized government—Hugo Black, William O. Douglas, Earl Warren, William Brennan, Thurgood Marshall and Harry Blackmun. It was gradually adopted as official constitutional law.

But that wasn't all. Over the 20th century the ACLU has taught the educated classes to interpret the Constitution its way—as a charter for centralized government with a few individual "rights," but no structure of state and local government that might impede the concentrated power of the Leviathan state. Today, few educated people are even aware that there is any other way of understanding the Constitution. That is the measure of the ACLU's success.

In essence, the new reading of the Constitution (though it's no longer new) holds that the power to regulate interstate commerce in Article I gives the federal government limitless power to legislate, while the 14th Amendment gives the federal courts limitless power to strike down the



GINGRICH

reserved powers of the states.

Moreover, the federal courts can ignore any provision of the Constitution (or, what is much the same thing, construe it as broadly or narrowly as they please). The Second and 10th Amendments have been virtually repealed by neglect; other clauses have been changed beyond recognition.

The net result is a mammoth centralized government. Through its courts the federal government (we still call it "federal," though the power is thoroughly centralized) can exercise a line-item veto over not only state laws, but inconvenient parts of the U.S. Constitution itself.

It took decades for the New Constitution to displace the old one, but to the Left it was worth it. The New Constitution is now deeply entrenched. Far from restraining the federal government, it has become the federal government's weapon against the powers reserved to the people and the states.

"In order to have socialism we must have a new Constitution." The Left faced its problem, tackled it, and won. Now conservatives must act with equal resolution: In order to regain freedom we must regain the old Constitution.

It's a tall order. And it won't be done by people who start off assuming it can't be done. ♦



ROOSEVELT

THE DIVIDING LINE

PATRICK J. BUCHANAN



Both men would today be damned as racists.

The first believed in the superiority of the white race and in apartheid, and felt a "glorious consummation"

of slavery would be to send all slaves back to Africa. His name was Abraham Lincoln.

In his first inaugural address, Lincoln offered to support a constitutional amendment making slavery a permanently protected institution in the 15 states where it existed and said he would not oppose a law whereby his administration would help recapture runaway slaves.

The second wrote, after a 1924 law ended Asian immigration, "Californians have properly objected (to Japanese immigration) on the sound basic ground ... that the mingling of Asiatic blood with European or American blood produces, in nine cases out of 10, the most unfortunate results." He would later put 110,000 Japanese Americans in detention camps until 1945. His initials: FDR.

While Lincoln and FDR are today immortalized, the obituaries of George Wallace savage this Depression-era farm boy for having stood by beliefs and customs that were almost universal in the Deep South.

Why? Today, we read memoirs of New York East Side kids at City College, who gathered in Alcove A or B, depending on whether they supported Stalin or Trotsky. That was 20 years after Stalin and Trotsky began the greatest rampage of murder in the 20th century. Yet, no one damns these

WALLACE, THE UNFORGIVEN

intellectuals for the Marxist-Leninist idiocies they embraced and parroted.

The Hollywood Ten, all Communist dupes of Stalin, are talked of as "blacklisted" martyrs of the McCarthy era, who heroically refused to "name names." Would any segregationist who refused to recant receive the same clucking indulgence? Why is it permissible to have aped the party line of a Stalinist regime that butchered 20 million people but an ineradicable stain on one's honor to have supported segregation? Was segregation worse than Stalinism?

I write as a friend of George Wallace, a man of courtesy and courage who spent the last quarter century of his life in great pain and who showed a rare fortitude in four presidential campaigns.

What were Wallace's two unforgivable sins? In his 1962 inaugural address as governor, he declared, "Segregation forever!" And in 1963, he stood in the schoolhouse door of the University of Alabama to defy a federal court that had mandated integration.

Yet, the stand in the schoolhouse door was theater, a peaceful act of civil disobedience to make the point that federal court orders did not trump states' rights. Wallace stepped aside as soon as the Alabama Guard was federalized. Such rehearsed defiance of laws, followed by peaceful arrest, was a common tactic of civil rights champions. Why is Wallace's peaceful defiance unforgivable?

In an obituary graciously titled "George Wallace, Enduring Symbol of an Era of Hate," a *Washington Post* writer notes: "To national politicians and journalists peering nervously from above the Mason-Dixon Line 30 years ago, Wallace was the Dracula of racial animosity—a dark knight of the Southern soul ever threatening to harness the power of evil to enslave

the land."

Oh, come off of it. As one who traveled the South in the summer of 1964, I call this media hype. By the time Wallace came to power, the handwriting was on the wall for segregation. Southern resistance was crumbling. The demonstrators from the North had the entire national establishment loving and lionizing them.

The truth: The eternal diabolization of Wallace, like that of Joe McCarthy and Spiro Agnew, is essential if the liberal establishment is to convince this generation it played a heroic role in that era. The left needs Wallace as a far more menacing figure than he was to justify its fake battle ribbons. Liberals may tell tales of how dark and dangerous Mississippi was, but by the murder rate, Washington, D.C., in the early '90's was 10 times as violent.

Harry Truman is forgiven for dropping two atomic bombs on defenseless cities, burning to death 120,000 people. But forgiveness is denied McCarthy, Wallace and Agnew, who killed no one. Their great unforgivable sin – they raucously mocked and ridiculed our ruling elite. McCarthy challenged its patriotism, Wallace its manhood, Agnew its courage for groveling to student mobs.

Worse, for years, America cheered and laughed at the populist rhetoric of McCarthy, Wallace and Agnew. All three merit eternal damnation not for any lies they told but for the truths they spoke.

Whether one is a scoundrel in history, or a secular saint, depends not really on one's deeds or misdeeds but on whether one has paid due deference to the idols of modernity. These three refused, but when people call that time an "Era of Hate," they tell us more about their own souls than that of George Corley Wallace.

WHERE HAVE YOU GONE, LEE ATWATER?

At least the media are consistent.

When Republicans win, the media urge the GOP to "reach out" to the left to bring the country together. When Republicans lose, the media admonish the GOP to move to the left or face extinction. The post-election advice is always the same: Abandon your conservative base, and come follow us.

These folks seek a system where both parties answer to their whistle. With the Democrats already in their pocket, they want the GOP to climb in. Then, the media can serve as tutors to the nation. What they resent most is a party that ignores them and follows its own drummer.

So why are Republicans listening to this biennial claptrap?

Richard Nixon, after all, ignored the advice and won 49 states in 1972, as did Ronald Reagan in 1984.

Indeed, Republicans have won in recent decades by conducting campaigns and raising issues that set the media's teeth on edge. Even George Bush – down 17 points before taking Lee Atwater's advice and savaging Michael Dukakis as a "card-carrying member of the ACLU" who had furloughed Willie Horton – won the White House campaign the press abhorred.

Now consider the respective returns of recent off-year elections.

In 1994, the GOP went on the attack against Bill Clinton for putting homosexuals in the military, for the social rants of Surgeon General Joycelyn Elders, for raising taxes and for Hillary's attempt to take over America's health-care system. Triumph ensued. For the first time in 40 years, Republicans took control of Congress.

In 1998, however, the GOP opted for compromise. Social conservatives



got the wet mitten in the face. The middle-class tax cut was deep-sixed. Republicans caved on the budget and broke the spending caps. Our surplus is now being used to pay down Brazil's deficit.

The party's reward: Clinton turned loose the War Room. The GOP was charged with trying to sacrifice Social Security and intimidate African Americans to keep them from voting, as well as with being morally culpable for the murders of Matthew Shepard and Barnett Slepian and being "extremist" on abortion.

That the Democratic campaign was far more deeply rooted in falsehoods and demagoguery than any Willie Horton ad did not make it ineffective. The politics of confrontation worked for the Democrats in 1998, and the politics of compromise failed the GOP.

So what is the media's counsel now for the Republicans? More timidity and more compromise: The party must drop impeachment and abandon life. The press is saying that any future GOP prosperity is contingent on the betrayal of its most devoted followers.

And what does the press offer in return? On this, we get silence. After all, every four years, the press votes 80 percent to 90 percent Democratic.

In this media-saturated city, it is

difficult for Republicans to keep their bearings. Those who stand their ground on conservative principles are baited and bashed; those who sell out are rewarded with puff pieces. With rare exceptions, the longer Republicans stay in this capital, the more accommodating they become to the orthodox liberalism that is the defined dogma of our established church.

In 1998, Republicans forgot a lesson learned on the long rise to power after 1964. Straight-ticket Republicans and Democrats may vote more by what they fear than what they favor.

LBJ was a sure winner in 1964, but he would not have gotten 60 percent had Barry Goldwater not been painted as a radical right-wing extremist. Nixon would have won handily in 1972 but not with that margin had George McGovern not been portrayed as he was.

Reagan's victory of 1980 was more due to a national wish to be rid of Jimmy Carter, the hostage crisis and 21 percent interest rates than it was a vote for tax cuts. And Republicans who think their 1994 win was a vote for the *Contract With America* have imbibed too freely of their own propaganda.

In 2000, Republicans will need to attract Democratic votes. On that, all agree. But the key question is: Which Democrats are likely to vote for the GOP? Is it not those who voted for Nixon, Reagan or Bush in 1988? And to bring these Democrats back, would the GOP not do better by dumping racial preferences, the North American Free Trade Agreement, the International Monetary Fund and foreign aid than by deserting the unborn?

Nothing has changed; you go hunting where the ducks are. ♦

Pat Buchanan is an advisor to Southern Partisan.

PRESIDENT'S RACE REPORT HAS HIDDEN BUT ALARMING MESSAGE

Sandwiched between the release of the Starr Report last week and the debut of Bill Clinton in his first dramatic role as video star this week, the report of the President's "race commission" won little but snores from the nation's press when it flopped onto Mr. Clinton's desk last Friday. Yet even if more exciting stories hadn't displaced it, the race report would have remained a snoozer. What was supposed to be a challenge to the nation to deal honestly with racial problems turned out to be a regurgitation of platitudes. Nevertheless, they are platitudes with a rather sharp edge.

Born in the dreamy days when Monica Lewinsky's name was unknown outside the Oval Office, the race report was the final act of the Advisory Board to the President's Initiative on Race. The board was created more than a year ago and has traipsed hither and yon about the injustice, racism, racial policy, and—that grand, illusive goal—"racial reconciliation." But what its report has to tell us after all the hearings are over is mainly just the banal but preposterous premise with which it started out—that all racial problems are really due to white people.

Its concrete proposals are merely political applesauce: Create a permanent "President's Council for One America," which would foster racial reconciliation; establish a governmentally sponsored program to inform the public about race and encourage racial reconciliation; have the president issue a "call to arms" to make the government and private sector leaders get serious about racial reconciliation; engage youth leaders to foster racial reconciliation. Perhaps it's just well the sex-and-impeachment scandal was bubbling so editors could find something to splash

across the headlines this week.

The report assumes, as does Mr. Clinton, that the racial transition from a majority-white to a majority non-white society by the middle of the next century is inevitable. In fact, that transition, if it occurs, will be due to continuing immigration of nonwhites into the United States and their higher fertility rates. It is not inevitable. It could be halted this week, by banning further legal immigration, enforcing current laws against illegal immigration, and altering the tax and welfare codes.

Yet, after ignoring immigration and its consequences and remedies, the report get down to business. What all the education, presidential "call to arms," and jawboning by youth leaders, businessman and bureaucrats is supposed to teach is that whites continue to exercise "racial domination" of other races and that "white privilege" accounts for the continuing "racial disparities" in income, education, political power, and access to justice.

The "continuing existence of prejudice and privilege," the report claims, creates a society that condemns nonwhites to inferiority. There's no need for whites to apologize for slavery because that would be "much too narrow." Instead, whites need to change the way they do things and the way they think about race.

Well, what ways exactly? Well, ways like police misconduct toward minorities and stereotyping in the media. We need tougher hate crime laws to punish racism. The president should reduce sentences for crimes involving cocaine and crack, because long sentences affect poor black and Hispanic offenders and are "morally and intellectually indefensible." Federal and local police should cease "racial profiling" of lawbreakers to

identify likely criminals because it leads to police discrimination against nonwhites.

Nowhere does the report suggest the most obvious steps toward racial reconciliation: that nonwhites should stop using cocaine and crack, that they should cease committing the crimes for which the police profile them, that nonwhite political, educational, and religious leaders should embark on their own crusades against nonwhite crime, violence and the social dysfunctions that afflict nonwhites.

No, it's all the fault of whites—of the police, the media, the political establishment, the culture. "We as a nation," the report intones, "need to understand that whites tend to benefit, either unknowingly or consciously, from this country's history of white privilege."

The banalities and cliches the report serves up disguise its real message, which is equally banal but rather more alarming: that the old, white America was unjust, repressive, and hateful; that the new "diverse" America will replace and destroy the old one; and that in order for the new America to accomplish that goal, there must be not only a demographic transition but also a transition of power from white to nonwhite. For all the unexamined assumptions and outright lies the report repeats about American society and its racial conflicts, it really offers one big newsworthy message—that the result of this nation's racial transformation will be political and cultural revolution and the transition of power from whites to nonwhites. ♦

Samuel Francis is a nationally syndicated columnist and an original contributor to Southern Partisan.

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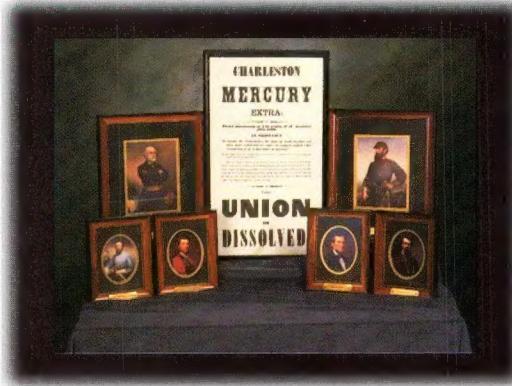
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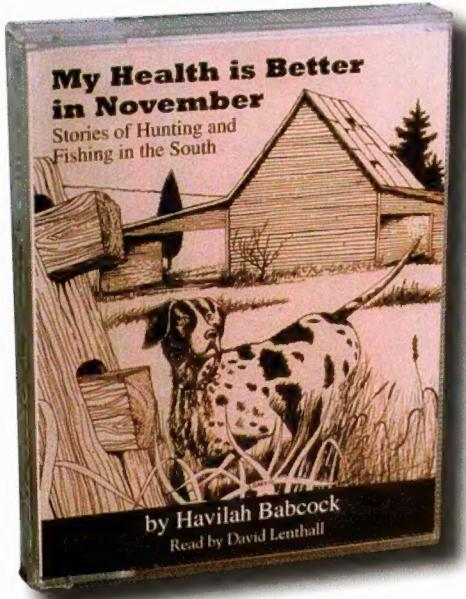
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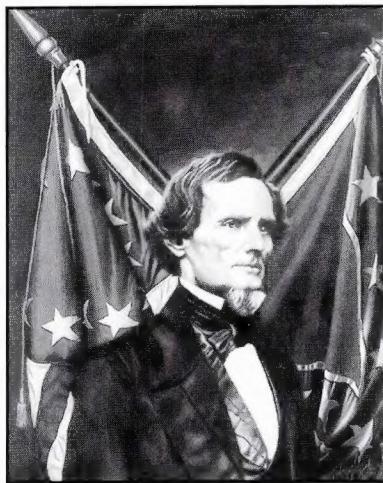
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